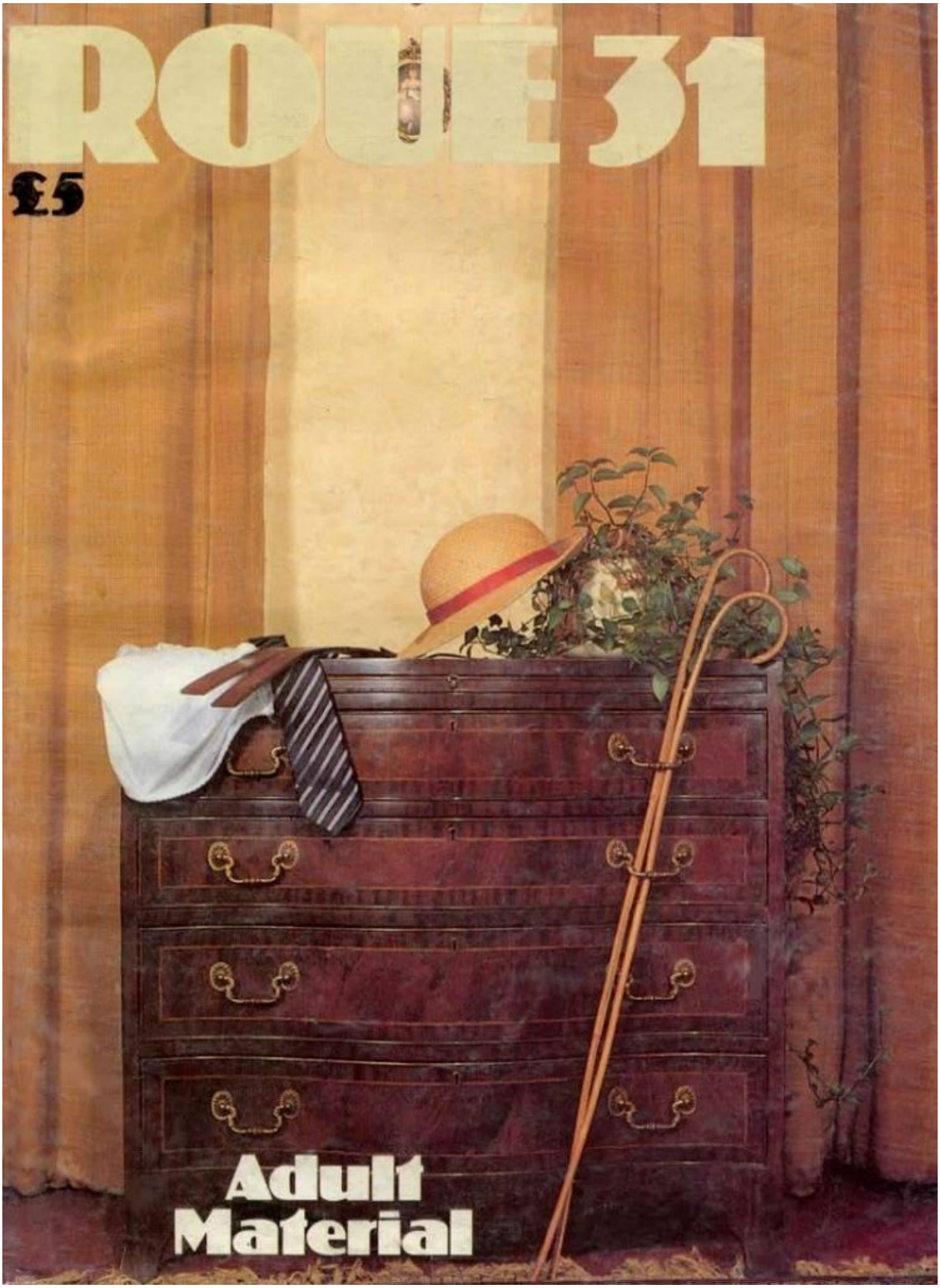
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Sir Edmund's Rocking Horse

Sir Edmund ran his hand reflectively over the rocking horse's shiny rump: a rump as smooth and silky as a girl's bare bottom. Perhaps there was an unconscious association; at any rate his thoughts, on this fine June morning, were not of the horse but of the new governess for his two children, due to arrive this afternoon. Sarah Richards she was called and she was 19.

The horse was called Maisie and was a splendid hand-carved creature, dappled grey with gleaming brown eyes and a proper horse-hair mane and tail. The saddle and leathers were red but somewhat faded over the years, for Maisie had been here in the nursery at Mather Hall for, well, donkey's years. Certainly she had been here in this same spot opposite the window when Sir Edmund had been a small boy back in the 1840's.

Sir Edmund Mather was now just 50 and in his prime with his figure still firm and his thick moustache and oiled-down hair still black. His rather heavily-featured face had its habitual expression of bland satisfaction with life; which it could well afford to for Sir Edmund was a man of ample means and sole master of these extensive Wiltshire acres in which Mather Hall was set. Master also of his little brood of two (Charles, now 12, and Emily, 11) and of beautiful Annabel, his wife 15 years his junior, on whose splendid full loins he had begot them.

And not least he was master of Mather Hall's body of servants, who responded unquestioningly to his every wish. To this number would shortly be added the no doubt attractive figure of Miss Sarah Richards, to likewise unquestioningly respond and obey.

His reflections on Miss Richards were interrupted by the nursery door opening. It was one of the maids, 16-year-old Jane. She apologised; she was looking for young Master Charles.

'Don't go, my dear. Come in.' Sir Edmund's reverie of Sarah Richards broke off and his eyes took on a sharp gleam. 'Come in and lock the door.'

Darkly pretty Jane, solidly built in maid's uniform and cap, looked doubtful. 'Sir: Cook sent me to look for Master Charles.'

'Don't worry about Cook. Come over here. Would you like a ride on Maisie?'

'No Sir.'

'Now Jane, we mustn't say "No Sir", must we? Because I would *like* you to have a ride on Maisie. There's nothing like a morning gallop for a young girl, you know. Have you got drawers on?'

'Yes Sir.' Jane's pretty face was now flushed at what she knew was coming. She reluctantly turned the key in the door and went over to Sir Edmund. 'But Sir, Cook *did* say . . .'

'Slip your drawers off!' ordered Sir Edmund peremptorily. 'You know how nice and excited you get with the feel of Maisie on your bare pussy.'

With a look of unhappiness that was nonetheless mixed with excitement Jane did as ordered and drew down her white cotton drawers from under the silky black skirt, then stepped out of them. She raised her skirt and petticoat, displaying black stockings above which were full white thighs and her ripe young bottom. With Sir Edmund's help and with skirts aloft she mounted Maisie.

Jane had of course done this before and knew what was expected. She seated herself not on the saddle but on Maisie's paint-shiny rump, then brought her feet forward into the high stirrups and reached out to grip the horse's mane. She gave her usual gasp of excitement as her open pussy settled down onto Maisie's smoothly cool backside. Her employer pulled her skirt up over her bent-forward back and tucked it in.

With the look of a man partaking of his favourite sport, Sir Edmund fondled the girl's thrust-out buttocks. The position Jane was in produced a sharply 'presented' posture for her plump rump. It also meant that any sticky productions resulting from the girl's excited state would be on Maisie's paintwork, and not on the leather saddle which would stain. He set the horse in motion and then proceeded to rhythmically spank first one and then the other of the girl's ripe buttocks.

Jane had a lovely spankable rump, which was partly why she had been hired. The bright morning sunlight streamed in through the high nursery window as Sir Edmund Mather continued rocking the horse and rhythmically smacking at the increasingly pink bum. He carried on for some minutes, then with a final conclusive slap walked over to a cupboard.

He came back with a two-foot cane in his hand.

'Have you come yet, Miss?' he inquired of the girl on the now motionless horse.

She shook her red-flushed face.

'Well, let's have you up for a proper gallop then. Come on, Miss: up in the stirrups!'

Shakily, Jane got herself up off of Maisie's rump to stand in the high stirrups and clasp her arms round the horse's neck. Sir Edmund tucked her skirt up around her so that she remained nude below the waist. His hand reached in between her parted legs from the back, briefly fondling. Jane gave a stifled shriek.

'Yes, just nicely on the boil, I should say. Now let's have a hard gallop, young Miss. Start rocking!'

Standing in the stirrups and with her bottom still thrust out, Jane started rocking herself. Then gave a desperate yelp as the cane thwacked down squarely across the full meat of her bum. And then another at the second stroke. And another . . .

It was not too long before the yelps of pain were mingled with the half-strangled squeaking gasps of something else. A girl's sexual climax.

All this yelping and squealing could be heard outside the nursery if anyone happened to be passing, but it would not cause any comment in Mather Hall. Squeals coming from the nursery, from either Jane or the other young maid Emma, were not at all uncommon. As Sir Edmund went about his rightful business of 'disciplining' his girls.

While Sir Edmund was engaged in these disciplinary duties the new governess, Sarah Richrds, was saying goodbye to her parents and young man, Ben, prior to setting out on the longish train journey down to Wiltshire and Mather Hall. Pretty flaxed-haired Sarah counted herself very lucky to have obtained the position. Her father was a poorly-paid village schoolmaster and with several other children could not afford to keep Sarah any longer at home; and she could also not hope for marriage just yet. Ben, two years her senior and her childhood sweetheart, was in the middle of a long apprenticeship in the printing trade and certainly would not be in a position to support a wife for several years to come.

So meanwhile Sarah had to do what she could for herself. She had got the Mather Hall position through a London agency and it would be her first proper position, apart from assisting at her father's school. She was looking forward to it with a mixture of apprehension and excitement. She had not yet met Sir Edmund or Lady Annabel, but the middle-aged woman at the agency had given her a proper grilling. Not just her credentials, but critically assessing Sarah's person as well. Making her stand up straight and then walk back and forth across the room.

'A good knowledge and teaching ability are of course essential; but Sir Edmund also requires a pretty and presentable young woman,' she had been told.

Well, Sarah knew she was pretty with her shoulder-length ash-blonde hair and clean-cut features, though it was perhaps sinful to think so herself. She also had a full firm figure which Ben loved to run his hands over, although with Sarah being a properly brought-up girl he was only permitted to do this when she was clothed. But now as the train sped southwards, Ben's hands, which could send a shiver of excitement through her, would not be holding Sarah for some weeks at least. She would obviously have to get properly settled in before she could think of visits home.

It was a hot and rather tiring journey but the train arrived on time in the early afternoon. There was a man with a trap to take Sarah out to the Hall. The day was still gloriously sunny and Mather Hall, basking in the heat, lay silent and peaceful. Not even the sound of a maid being disciplined. Sarah, wide-eyed, was taken in, to be met by the lady of the house, Lady Annabel Mather.

* * * * *

Lady Annabel, an hour later, was taking tea in her drawing room. Not, of course, with Sarah Richards, for a governess would not expect to partake of tea in the drawing room with her employer. Lady Annabel's companion this afternoon was in fact another new arrival on the south Wiltshire scene: Joanna Pilkington who with her husband, Rupert, had just bought a nearby property. Joanna was a handsome young woman of 24 with red-brown ringletted hair and a full shapely figure which had so far born no children in the two years of her marriage.

Unlike the Mathers, Joanna and her husband were not old aristocracy; their money coming from Rupert's father's biscuit company. Joanna therefore had been highly gratified to get this invitation. She thought Lady Annabel very attractive and stylish though of course a little older than herself. And Sir Edmund, when she had met him, was a very attractive man as well. Joanna was very keen to be accepted by the county families, and to get in with the Mathers would be an excellent start.

Annabel for her part was pleased to welcome what hopefully would prove congenial company. Joanna seemed a nice young woman and her husband, a few years older, was

also pleasant enough. Mather Hall was somewhat isolated with few people of their own class close by, and Edmund of course had his own interests: among which were naturally the maids, and would now certainly include the new governess. At least, though, it kept him at home rather than gallivanting up to London after dubiouus female company.

Annabel poured the tea. 'Do you ride at all?' she asked her guest.

'I hope to more, now that we're settled down here,' replied Joanna. 'Would that be where Rupert and Sir Edmund are now: outside?'

Annabel laughed. If anyone was riding at the moment it would be that new governess — on Edmund's rocking horse.

'Oh no, I don't expect so. I imagine by now one would find them in the nursery. With that new Miss Richards of course. I'm afraid every new young female in this household gets an early visit to the nursery.'

Joanna looked questioningly.

But yes, they were indeed now in the nursery: Sir Edmund and his guest Rupert Pilkington and his new employee Sarah.

. . . A narrow gap of bare thigh showed between the drawers and the tops of the brown silk stockings . . .

They had only just got there, though, so Sarah was *not* up on Maisie — not yet at least. She was standing squarely on the floor, and looking extremely fetching in her white lawn blouse and pink flowered skirt.

Sarah was now feeling quite revived from her journey. Lady Annabel, when she had greeted her, had shown her her room and she had been able to freshen up, and then had a brief meeting with the children. And then she had been handed over to Sir Edmund who had taken her on an introductory tour of the house, with his visitor, Mr Pilkington, coming along as well. The tour had finally led here to the nursery.

'Where you will instil some rudimentary education into your young charges,' said Sir Edmund.

Sarah saw a large, high-ceilinged room, its tall windows looking out onto the garden but not overlooked as it was on the upper floor. The room was sparsely furnished, with two small desks and a larger one, and a blackboard and a few chairs. There were a number of toys in one corner and, of course, opposite the window, there was the rocking horse.

'She's called Maisie,' said Sir Edmund, setting the horse in motion with his hand. 'Been in this spot ever since I was quite a small lad.'

The horse rocked heavily on the bare floorboards. Sir Edmund's eyes took in the firm shape of his new governess in her form-fitting blouse and skirt.

'Like a little ride?' he offered.

Sarah looked quickly from her new employer to the rocking horse. The stirrups, she noticed, were very high, presumably for the children. She, anyway, was 19 and not in the habit of riding rocking horses.

She smiled, slightly flustered, assuming it was a joke. 'No . . . No thank-you, Sir.'

Sir Edmund's face became harder. 'Come on. A little ride on Maisie. Of course we don't want any silly side-saddle business. So you'll have to take off your skirt. And any petticoats you've got on.'

There was a sudden, tight silence in the room. Horror-struck, Sarah glanced at Sir Edmund then down at the floor.

'Come on! No need to be shy. Mr Pilkington is a married man and he's seen ladies' undergarments before.'

Sarah glanced again at Sir Edmund, and could see he meant it. There was nothing she could do but comply. Face scarlet, her hands went tremblingly to her side. She found the skirt's fasteners, then pulled it down. Underneath was a white lawn waist petticoat. Another desperate look at Sir Edmund and the hands came back to her waist and undid the petticoat ties. That too was slipped down. She stepped out of it. She was now in her drawers and stockings.

The white lawn drawers were tightly fitting, reaching to mid-though where there were pink ribbons running through the lace edging. A narrow gap of bare thigh showed between the drawers and the tops of the brown silk stockings.

'Turn please!' ordered Sir Edmund.

Sarah turned, to face the horse. Two pairs of male eyes were intently focussed on the rear of the drawers which tightly encased full, firm bottom cheeks.

'Very good!' said Sir Edmund. And taking Sarah by the arm he propelled her towards Maisie.

She held the back of the horse as her employer lifted her foot, in its tight-laced leather shoe, high up to reach the near-side stirrup. Then his hand came under that ripe bottom and lifted her astride. He fitted her other foot in its stirrup, then told Sarah to stand up and hold onto Maisie's neck. It was the same position he had used when caning the maid, Jane.

Unlike Jane, though, Sarah still had her drawers on, and Sir Edmund was not now going to the cupboard for his cane. There would be plenty of opportunity for that in the days to come. He'd have those drawers off soon enough, and besides, having a girl bare-bottomed for the first time was always a special occasion. He saw no reason to share it with this young Pilkington, pleasant enough fellow though he seemed to be.

The girl did have a really splendid rump, though, and in the tight drawers not a lot was left to the imagination . . .

Sir Edmund reached out and dealt the ripe rump a resounding smack. There was a gasping yelp from Sarah. Rupert Pilkington, red-faced already, looked as if his eyes were going to pop

from his head. Sir Edmund's hand set the horse into quite violent motion. And as the girl rocked up and down he dealt her full bum a further series of solid smacks.

Then, with a final crack of his palm, he turned to his guest. 'Yes: got a nice set of hind-quarters on her, eh, Pilkington?'

Maisie ground to a halt. 'Get down now, Miss,' her employer instructed.

Sarah scrambled weakly down, to stand on trembling legs with bowed head. Sir Edmund's fingers lifted her chin . . . and she was seen to be in tears.

'No, now, young lady! Don't take on: only having a little fun.' The hand slapped her backside again.

'Get your things on now. I must tell you, though, you may be making Maisie's acquaintance again, depending on how you get on. You see, I use her for girls who need a bit of discipline. The maids and also a governess as well. I'm talking, Miss, about the cane and the strap.'

* * * * *

Six hours later Sarah sat at the dressing table in her room brushing out her long blonde hair. The accustomed bedtime ritual, however, did nothing to dispel the awful memory of what had happened in the nursery. It was still difficult to believe. Afterwards, things had been as she would have expected. She had met the rest of the staff: the maids and Cook and Mr Jenkins, the butler, and various others; and she had another meeting with the children and with Lady Annabel who was again kind and friendly. It was just that time in the nursery with Sir Edmund and Mr Pilkington and being made to strip down to her drawers like that in front of them. And then up on that rocking horse, with Sir Edmund's hard hand . . .

It was all going through her mind yet again as she sat there rhythmically brushing and blankly looking at herself in the mirror . . . when behind her, also in the mirror, she saw the door open. It was Sir Edmund.

For a long moment Sarah sat frozen as it registered in her mind; and then she looked frantically round for something to put on. She was in only her chemise and drawers, prior to putting on her nightgown for bed.

But Sir Edmund naturally was happy enough to find her thus minimally clad. Indeed his arrival at this point might suggest he had hoped to find her like this — or could he even have been clandestinely watching through some secret spy-hole? Whatever was the case he now assured her there was no problem: he was not at all bothered to find her in this state of undress. And Sarah, feeling a tingle of panic, could well believe that.

She stood indecisively by the dressing table, hairbrush still in her hand. As Sir Edmund in a soothing voice told her not to be alarmed, he had simply come for a little chat.

"... All girls must expect to get the cane from time to time when their work is a bit below standard ..."

'I thought I'd have a word about the disciplining, as you looked somewhat alarmed this afternoon. The cane, Sarah. All girls must expect to get the cane from time to time when their work is a bit below standard. That's quite normal, isn't it? I'm sure you've had the cane before: at school or at home from your father.'

Like most girls in late Victorian England Sarah *had* been caned. Not when she was small, but since reaching the age of 16 she had occasionally had it from her father for the odd act of thoughtlessness, and she had also had it from a man who had worked for a while as her father's assistant at school. Her father had caned her over drawers and petticoat but Mr Farley, at school, had made her lift her petticoat as well and caned her in only her tight drawers. But Mr Farley had only stayed for a year, and Sarah anyway had assumed that now she was grown up that was all in the past.

She haltingly told Sir Edmund some of this. He gave her that keen-eyed look. 'Never had it on the bare bottom then, Miss?'

Feeling herself shivering, Sarah weakly shook her head. He had come close and now he slid one arm round her slim waist.

'Well, I always cane on the bare bottom, my dear. The sting of the cane on the bare bottom drives home the lesson much more firmly, I always feel. But it's nothing to get alarmed about. I'm sure the Good Lord provided girls with their nice soft bottoms just so that they could take a good firm caning.'

If Sir Edmund's words were not dreadful enough, his hand had now slid down onto the full curve of Sarah's buttocks. She felt faint as the hand intimately squeezed and groped. And then she was being told to turn round. And put her hands on the dressing table.

Was it really happening? As Sarah stood there, bending slightly, Sir Edmund's hands came round in front to the ties of her drawers . . . and was undoing them. Before she knew it, the drawers were being skinned down.

She gave a strangled gasp of protest. Sir Edmund's calm voice: 'Just having a little look!'

The drawers were now down around Sarah's knees. Two male hands were suddenly cupping her bare bottom . . . while the owner of the hands expressed awed appreciation. 'Ah, that's it. What a beauty! Just relax, my dear . . . and lean forward a little. Bend the knees . . . Ah yes . . .'

Half an hour later Sir Edmund Mather climbed into bed to join

his wife. He was clearly excited, unmistakably physically aroused. Annabel wondered if he had already taken the new governess for a visit to Maisie; for Edmund could be very precipitate. She accepted his vigorous embrace, opening her legs to him.

Smiling, she murmured, 'She's very attractive, Edmund, isn't she?'

At that same time, in their little room on the floor above, the maids, Jane and Emma, were also in bed in a loving embrace. Emma was telling her friend that she had not been given a ride on Maisie that day — so she'd be sure to get one tomorrow. She gave a groan as if of fearful anticipation.

Jane, with her hand between Emma's legs, giggled. 'You know you like it.' 'I do not!' protested Emma. 'Not the way 'e lays into my poor bum. 'E could bring me off without caning me 'alf as hard.'

She gave another groan: partly at the thought of being up on Maisie and partly as a result of what Jane was doing. 'What about that new Sarah? Is she going to get it?'

Jane, fingers working industriously, was quite sure. 'Why not: she can't say no, can she?'

The young woman in question, in bed as well now, and gazing numbly up at the darkened ceiling in her own room, was also at this time in the thoughts of the new owners of Southdown House, a mile away. Rupert Pilkington, getting ready for bed, had an indelible memory of Sarah's firm rump as she stood in the stirrups of that rocking horse . . . with Sir Edmund's hand sharply spanking. As for his wife, Joanna . . .

Joanna Pilkington had been feeling unusually excited all day. First the prospect and then the actuality of her visit to Mather Hall. And on top of that had been Lady Annabel's revelation about her husband's activities in the nursery. The fact that he caned the maids bare-bottomed on the rocking horse! And then Rupert had actually seen him make that new governess get up on the horse. Not for a caning there and then but it obviously was going to follow.

The thought of Sir Edmund caning like that just made Joanna wet between her legs. He was such a fine masterful-looking man, a real aristocrat; and she couldn't help imagining what it would be like up on the horse herself with her own ripe bottom bare.

Rupert, shortly, when the two of them were in bed, was surprised at Joanna's ardour. She was usually ready and willing but tonight exceptionally so. Though he himself, with those arousing memories, was only too eager to enjoy his wife.

Yes, plenty of sexual activity in these parts on this warm June night. And indeed it would not be impossible that Sarah herself, with the shock of what had happened, eventually gave herself up to a little solitary solace; even though as a strictly brought up girl it was something she almost never ever did. Maisie meanwhile simply stood looking wide-eyed at the wall.

* * * * *

Sarah awoke early, after a night of very little sleep. The early morning light was streaming in through the window and she wondered, with a shudder, what the day would bring forth.

The only thing, she knew, was to speak to him. Tell him firmly that she wasn't a 16-year-old maid; she was a grown young woman and she was hired as a governess, which was a responsible position. And, therefore, she could not be caned like a schoolgirl. And she just couldn't *couldn't* be caned on her bare bottom. The very thought of that almost made her feel sick.

She obviously had to do something at once, for what had happened already was well-nigh unthinkable. That awful, awful experience last night . . . when he had taken her drawers down and simply made her stand over while he groped her bare bottom. The thought of that made her perspire as well. She resolved that she would see him right away, first thing this morning.

Sarah had her breakfast with Cook and the two maids, then as the two girls prepared to take their employers' breakfast in to them, she asked Cook if maybe she could have a short word with Sir Edmund now.

Cook went slightly red in the face. 'Certainly not, young lady. Sir Edmund . . . well, he can't be disturbed at breakfast: on no account. He's, ah, very pre-occupied at this time.'

Jane, about to take in her tray, made a snorting sound. And got a sharp 'Now, my girl!' from Cook.

Yes, "pre-occupied" was one way to describe it. At breakfast, the four members of the Mather family sat at the dining table with Sir Edmund in rather solitary splendour at one end; and one maid would look after him while the other served Lady Annabel and the children. Because Sir Edmund was "pre-occupied" it was understood that throughout the meal he must not be bothered or spoken to, not every by the others at the table.

The girls took turns daily as to who would serve Sir Edmund: that was only fair, and he didn't really mind which girl he got. Like having to ride on Maisie, the maids always told each other they hated the Sir Edmund duty. But on the other hand if you were in the right mood . . .

The girl whose turn it was had to stand attentively close at his side throughout the meal, apart perhaps for a quick dart if something was missing at his end of the table. Stand still and straight and facing Sir Edmund and with your legs slightly apart, and act as if nothing was happening; while of course Sir Edmund had one hand up your dress and between your legs. A hand busy like a burrowing ferret. And, in order that the ferret had plenty of freedom for its burrowing, the girl at Sir Edmund's end did not wear

drawers for breakfast; that was understood.

This breakfast-time ritual was simply another of Sir Edmund's little ways. His wife was well aware of what went on and so for instance was Cook. But in Victorian England a man was master in his own house; and quite free to indulge such little whims.

Sarah at least was not going to have to take her employer's breakfast in, but equally this was not the time to be bothering him. 'See him *after* breakfast,' advised Cook.

So Sarah hung around outside the dining room and eventually Sir Edmund appeared together with a somewhat flustered looking Emma whose turn it had been to attend him this morning. Sir Edmund gave Sarah that keen-eyed look, but said he was busy. No time for talks now. Perhaps after lunch.

Sarah bit her lip. She was all keyed-up to say her piece and now she had to hold on to it. She went along to the nursery — the dreaded nursery — where the children were ready and waiting. She tried not to look at the rocking horse; standing impassive in the bright morning sunshine. With an effort, Sarah made herself concentrate on what she was there for. Teaching Charles and Emily.

Clearing her throat, she announced, 'I think we'll start off with some spelling . . .'

The morning passed. The children were well-mannered and attentive, and kept at their work. It was really all very pleasant . . . except for that other side of things. The side represented by Maisie who seemed to be silently watching everything, watching Sarah. And perhaps thinking: how long before you're up on my back, my girl . . . with your drawers down this time.

The morning passed and then it was lunchtime, with Cook and the others, but Sarah didn't feel like eating anything. The maids took the family's lunch in, lunch being not as bad as breakfast because at lunchtime Sir Edmund was not quite so obsessive about a girl's you-know-what. He would possibly put his hand up her skirt but would not get too bothered if, now, she had drawers on.

Sarah, of course, did not know about any of this. All she knew was that he had said now, after lunch, she could see him. And she wasn't feeling half as brave as she had been first thing. But she had to do it.

He was sitting at his desk when she entered his study after a nervous knock at the door. She felt her heart sink at the sight again of that impassively superior face, with its imperious moustache and the large, deep-blue eyes which now fixed her in a disconcerting stare.

'Ah! Our pretty, new governess. With, as I recall from last night, an extremely pretty bottom under that becoming skirt.'

Sarah felt her knees go weak. It was just impossible. She found herself stammering something unintelligible. The unblinking eyes kept staring.

Face scarlet, Sarah finally managed to make some sense, but it was certainly not the bold statement she had planned. It was more of an apologetic plea . . . that *please,* she didn't want to be caned.

The eyes glinted. 'Don't *want* it, Miss? Well, I'm not asking you to *want* it. All you have to do is accept it. Take your drawers down when told to and accept it.'

'No!' blurted Sarah desperately. 'No: I just can't! You can't *make* me!'

Sir Edmund stood up, his face with that look of a man accustomed since childhood to respectful servility from the lower orders. Naturally, one occasionally got these girls who objected to their hindquarters being warmed up, girls who somehow had got the idea that in service they could keep their bottoms to themselves. But he, Edmund Mather, could very soon disabuse a girl of such fancy notions.

He took hold of Sarah's arm and pulled her close up to him. 'Miss Richards, you are my servant. You have signed a contract of employment to that effect. And if that contract were to be broken I could hound you through the Courts so that you and your family would rue the day you were born. Do you understand that?'

Sarah heard her whispering voice answer, 'Yes Sir.'

'Good. And whilst you are here in my employ I have absolute authority over you. I feed you well and I pay you adequate wages. And, also, when I decide it is necessary I have you up on that rocking horse with your drawers off and I cane that splendid backside. Is that clear?'

Sarah numbly hung her head. There was nothing she could say.

'I said is that clear, Miss?'

Tears now sliding down the pretty cheeks, she nodded her head.

'Good. Well, I'm glad we've cleared up that nonsense. 'I'm not a man to have his authority questioned in his own house. Let me tell you something. A year ago I had a girl who kicked up a fuss about being caned. Do you know what I did? One evening when I had a number of guests here I had her brought into the dining-room, after the ladies had left and the gentlemen were with the port. I stripped her clothes off — everything except her stockings and shoes. And then I had her held down over the table and gave her her caning there, in front of my guests.'

. . . There was an open-mouthed look from Emma and then, face reddening, she did as she was told . . .

Sir Edmund put his hand under Sarah's chin and gazed into the tear-filled eyes. 'After that, Miss Richards, she was happy to have her canings in

the privacy of the nursery. I'm sure you wouldn't want to learn your lesson that same hard way, would you?'

Desperately Sarah shook her head.

'Very good. And since you have come to see me we may as well get this matter completely cleared up. We will cancel the children's lesson for this afternoon: instead, you and I will together go to the nursery. Now.'

What could she do? Nothing. She *had* signed a contract and presumably what he said was true: if she attempted to leave he would have his lawyers on her. And what would that mean? Prison? Bankruptcy for her father? No, the only thing she could do was submit: submit to this unthinkable, unspeakable thing.

She found herself walking along the corridor with her employer. Walking like a puppet; on wooden legs. In the nursery the two children were waiting for the afternoon lesson. Their father told them the class was cancelled, they could go outside and play. As they jumped eagerly up he told them to find Emma and send her in to him.

They ran out. Sir Edmund turned to Sarah. 'We might as well give you a lesson first. The teacher taught, eh? And young Emma certainly knows the drill by now.'

A knock shortly at the door. It was pert, blonde Emma, with a questioning look. Sir Edmund told her to come in and lock the door.

He slid an arm round the girl's waist. 'Emma, my dear, you are going to do something for me. You are going to demonstrate to our new young Miss Richards the correct procedure for taking a whipping on Maisie. So if you have any drawers on will you kindly slip them off.'

There was an open-mouthed look from Emma and then, face reddening, she did as she was told. Lifted her skirts and slid down a pair of white drawers. Sir Edmund had meanwhile taken his jacket off, and then gone to the cupboard for the cane.

Emma, face bright red now, looked at her employer and then Sarah. And then went to Maisie and climbed up. 'Up in the stirrups,' ordered Sir Edmund.

She stood in the high stirrups and clasped the horse's neck. Sir Edmund tucked her skirts high to fully bare her pale bottom. And then, measuring his distance, he brought the cane down witha shot-like "CRACK!" across Emma's bared buttocks. There was a strangled grunt from Emma, a shocked gasp from Sarah. The full buttocks now bore two bright red parallel stripes.

Methodically, Sir Edmund applied five more such pairs of red lines to the maid's backside, and then told her she could get down. Her face was red and she was breathing hard; but she was not actually crying. Sir Edmund told her she could go now, but he would like to see her later in his study — at 4 o'clock. As Emma reached for her drawers Sir Edmund held out his hand — and gave her a gold sovereign.

There were stammered words of thanks, for a sovereign was a lot of money to a maid, and then she went out. The door was closed and Sir Edmund went to relock it, then came back to stand in front of Sarah.

'So, Miss, we now know what's what, don't we? And now I am going to cane *you.* Not that you have been guilty of any particular failing — apart from your rather impertinent questioning of this matter. But I think a touch of the cane at the very start will get you properly into harness.'

It was a warm afternoon but Sarah could feel herself shivering. There was a sense of utter helplessness, as in one of those nightmares when you are hopelessly trapped. Sir Edmund said, 'I could of course strip you naked; but I think I'll have you in just chemise and stockings. So everything else off please.'

There was nothing for it: no point in protesting. It was going to happen. Numbly, Sarah's hands went to the waist of her skirt. It was a repeat of yesterday afternoon, except today Mr Pilkington wasn't here. And today . . . She stepped out of the green skirt; then her petticoat. Fumbling fingers unfastened the tiny buttons down the front of her pink blouse. It came off. Just white chemise and drawers now, and her brown silk stockings. She glanced frantically at Sir Edmund.

'The drawers, Miss. Take them off. Or if you wish I can take them off myself.'

Sarah's hands went to the ties of her drawers. And slid them down . . . and off. She stood trembling, her hands in front to cover the dark-blonde bush at the tops of her legs.

Sir Edmund himself was slightly red in the face now. 'Now get up, Miss. Up on Maisie.'

Cringing, one foot reached up to the stirrup. Then Sir Edmund's hand was under her bare buttocks lifting her. She was astride with both feet in the stirrups. Standing, grasping the neck, her head above the horse's head.

'Present, Miss! Present the buttocks: thrust them out!' And Sarah duly arched her body, making her full bottom more prominent.

. . . At last, though, it was over. Not the pain, that was still there, but the cane was not coming down any more . . .

There was a pause, and then all she knew was mind-boggling pain. As with a sharp "CRACK!" the cane jolted into her thrust-out buttocks. Splatting into the soft flesh. Sarah let out a desperate cry. That ripe bottom now bore a pair of tight parallel red stripes, just like Emma's.

Another slight pause, in which she gulped for breath and

struggled with the pain. And then the cane whipped in again. A second searing "CRACK!" A second gasping cry, the outraged bottom jerking frenziedly. Now two pairs of those tight red stripes.

Again the pause, in which the pain seemed to develop and spread. And then that "CRACK!" again . . . And then again . . .

Altogether there were eight strokes of Sir Edmund's cane. All delivered with a firm full swing of that muscular arm, such that by halfway through Sarah was already blinded by her hot and desperate tears.

At last, though, it was over. Not the pain, that was still there, but the cane was not coming down any more. Sir Edmund was close now, his hand running over her tortured bottom, caressingly. His voice, as if from a distance through her turmoil, through her tears.

'That's it, Miss. Now we know where we are, don't we? A girl and her master.'

The hand was stroking, softly, the hot flesh of her bottom, and then Sarah's thighs. A soft sensuous motion. The hand slid inside one thigh, still stroking . . . halfway up. In spite of her shocked state Sarah was aware that her legs were apart . . . and she was open to his hand. Which was moving up.

And suddenly it was there. High between her legs, at the crisply curling hair. She gave a frantic yelp, bucking her hips. Sir Edmund's voice, soft but authoritarian. 'Just relax, Miss. No need to get excited.'

The hand was simply holding her most intimate part. While the softly insistent voice continued, 'A caning can frequently get a girl quite hot. We'll see what it has done to young Sarah, shall we . . .?'

Sir Edmund's practised fingers slid into a pussy that was, indeed, quite wet.

* * * * *

The rest of the household learnt almost immediately that Sarah had been dealt with in the approved Mather Hall manner, because Emma had waited outside the nursery and had heard the yells as Sarah was caned.She told Cook and Jane. Cook pronounced, 'Well, a whipping never did a girl no 'arm.'

Lady Annabel didn't hear it from that route but from the man himself when they met later that afternoon. His habitual expression of bland satisfaction was even blander and more satisfied than usual. And when Annabel made veiled queries Sir Edmund was not at all reluctant to tell.

'Yes, I've broken her in. Got the bit on her now. Or to be precise, this afternoon gave her eight with the cane across her bare bottom. Yes, she'll do nicely.'

Yes, Sarah was now broken in, to be bridled and saddled like any other young female of the Mather Hall staff. That ripe bottom would be getting some pretty regular caning in the next few days and weeks — on whatever pretext Sir Edmund could think up, or even none at all. A new bottom was bound to receive more than average attention.

But having now got at Sarah's backside he did not have to be quite so obsessive about it. He could think of other things. Other females in fact. And one he did immediately think of was that pretty young wife of the newcomer, Pilkington.

Edmund Mather had naturally taken in the fact that she was a toothsome piece but his attention had been concentrated on thoughts of the new governess. But now his mind could turn more fully onto Joanna Pilkington. She had looked succulent all right, and he now recalled there had been a certain look in her eye. And also. .. she was a redhead.

Redheads had a special significance for Edmund Mather, going back 40 years now. Going back to an event which had started off his whole compulsive pleasure in caning females on Maisie. An event indelibly printed on his mind.

He had been ten years old: a small boy playing by himself one summer morning in the nursery. He had climbed into the cupboard. At the sound of someone entering the room he had pulled the door to, remaining hidden while still able to see out, through the crack.

It was his father and his, Edmund's, nurse, Rose, a beautiful redheaded young woman of 20 or so. His father had locked the door and Rose simply started taking off her clothes: until she finally stood in just her chemise and stockings. Edmund had been almost overcome with excitement, as he saw for the first time the full pale flesh of Rose's nude bottom and that startling bush of red hair on her front. And there was of course more to come . . . as Rose climbed up on Maisie, Edmund's very own rocking horse, and stood in the stirrups . . . and his father then proceeded to cane that pale ripe bottom.

Yes that was when it all began, 40 years ago, with Maisie standing just as she did now opposite the window and that redheaded and red-bushed Rose up in the stirrups. There had been many more since: young women and girls, blondes like Sarah and Emma, brunettes like Jane; but because of that very first time redheads did have that special something.

And so he would certainly have to see that the Pilkingtons were invited again, and soon; although with three girls in the house now he was not exactly going to be bored.

And handsome redheaded Joanna Pilkington? She in turn had continued to think about Mather Hall, and masterful Sir Edmund Mather. And she had continued to have those hot exciting images of that rocking horse, which as yet she had not seen. She was eager for another visit, when she intended to get Sir Edmund to show it to her. Just her alone of course.

'THE WAIT'

This is the part Penny hates the most — the waiting. She has been instructed to be outside the Head's study following afternoon break, and while not the most punctual of girls she has curtailed her break by some five minutes to ensure that she will give no reason for her punishment to be increased by tardiness. Of course, the walk from the playground to *his* study takes a mere half-minute, and she could have spent a while longer outside with her chums, but somehow it was worse hanging about out there — what with the continuous flow of questioning that always went on prior to a girl's visit to *that* room. Questions like: 'How many do you think he'll give you?'; 'Do you reckon he'll get Miss Saxby to hold you down?'; 'Sandra of 5C got it on the bare last time . . . do you think *you* will?' No, she was better off away from all that; away from all the questions, the suggestions and, from the less considerate girls, the taunts. She was better off here, sitting on the stool outside *his* study door.

As she had walked, tentatively, along the corridor towards *that* room, *that* stool, she had noticed the long, slender object propped-up against the wall — the cane. It was, of course, all part of the ritual; whenever a girl was to be dealt with by the Head, his assistant was instructed to take the prescribed rod from its rail in the stockroom and place it against the wall next to the stool outside his study. The idea of this being that the girl would be under no illusions as to how she was to be dealt with. It stood there at her side, impassively but threateningly.

The stool, too, was part and parcel of the punctilious ceremony leading up to penance to be administered behind *that* door. It was not there — as some might believe — for a girl's comfort. Its purpose was in fact to make a girl more aware of her bottom than she would were she in a standing position. She could feel her backside on the seat of the chair; the seat of the chair on her backside. It also served to make its user wonder just how much difficulty she would have in adopting such a position when *he* had finished with her bottom.

Unfortunately for Penny, and unlike most of her contemporaries, she has never before had cause to visit the Head's study — so had no idea whatsoever how that bottom of hers would cope with the impending chastisement. Of course, she had heard many tales of what a visit to *him* was like. Some said it wasn't too bad, while others described it as nothing short of horrendous. What *she* wondered was how *she* would describe her own experience. Despite the varying reactions from the other girls there was one overriding factor. It hurt. But then that was the idea, wasn't it?

Penny is sixteen and a couple of weeks, and up until this moment has managed to get through her schooling with nothing worse than a few slaps to the back of her legs and a fairly mild dose of the slipper across her shorts from the Gym Mistress. Today, though, she just knew would be different.

Miss Saxby, the Head's assistant, had caught her out of bounds ten minutes after she had supposed to have returned to school that lunchtime. It had happened before, in fact, but the sum total of her punishment on that occasion had been to write-out two-hundred times *I must not be caught out of bounds* which, hand aching as she wrote it out in her exercise book, Penny had taken to mean: be out of bounds if you wish; but don't be caught — something that she had been stupid enough to allow happen a second time.

As Miss Saxby had frog-marched her back to school she was reminded of the warning which had gone along with the lines imposed on that previous occasion. 'I told you, Penny,' the young woman — barely six years Penny's senior — told her. 'that if there were to be a repitition of this infringement of school rules the lines you would get would be of a very different nature.'

When she had first heard the woman say those words Penny had been a little bemused as to their meaning. Her friends, though, had left her in doubt at all what lay behind the cryptic message. And now, as she sits on *that* stool, alongside *that* cane, and outside *that* room, Penny knows *only too well* what type of lines are in store for her. She can only close her yes and hope that when re-opened it will all have gone away, as with a nightmare; that the stool, the cane, the study door will not be there — that she, herself, will be elsewhere; perhaps out in the playground with her friends.

She hears heavy footsteps approaching her. They are getting louder and louder. It is time for her reverie to come to an abrupt halt. With eyes still closed she feels his presence; senses him standing over her. It has to be him; it has to be the Head. Her time has come . . .

A Jolly Good 'All Rounder'

Amelia Rogers was in all outward appearances the model Head Girl. Her parents were awfully respectable and involved in school affairs; Amelia herself was academically good, articulate, sportive and very pretty. Eminently suited to represent Normanhurst High School for Girls. Worshipped by first and second years, who found her composure and attractiveness totally awe-inspiring; envied but respected by her contemporaries. A jolly good 'all rounder.'

Her status and her eighteen years, was a permit to taking subtle liberties; she always wore the uniform but had successfully adapted it to be . . . a little more becoming. Her school skirt was more a blouse with a hint of lace around the collar; somehow no-one seemed to notice the absence of a tie, and the effect was softer, more feminine. Her jumper had an exclusive label and her grey flannel skirt was a long, figure-hugging pencil. To complete the picture she wore discreet slim high heeled shoes, tasteful gold ear-rings, and a slim gold bangle adorned each willowy wrist.

Unlike other girls, Amelia was striking to look at even from a distance, identifiable by a turbulent mass of springy fair curls.

The rhythmic rise and fall of her hips as she walked, and the just discernable wobble of her rounding, plumping bottom beneath a thigh hugging skirt hypnotised onlookers. In secret she wore stockings and a dainty white cotton embroidered suspender belt. (Certain male members of staff had noticed the outline of her suspenders pressed against her skirt.) Whatever else she wore was open to conjecture.

What she *did* wear, in actual fact, were gauzy, lacy, close fitting French knickers, which she sprayed with French perfume from her mother's atomiser — hence the aura of elusive scent that was always with her; never obvious, but intriguingly present all the same.

One could easily forgive Amelia's desire to blossom into a woman, for the curves of her body made it obvious that no school uniform could disguise her nascent womanhood, because the whole enviable development was somewhat belied by her face and expression. Very much of an innocent, unworldly young girl. Eyes with a sweet and endearing candour, obviously not troubled by silly preoccupations with 'boys' and 'sex'. Baby smooth skin and a full mouth, whose lips were often formed into an engaging provocative pout. 'Pretty as a picture' and probably unaware of it. Unspoilt, unsullied — without a corrupt thought in her head.

Amelia sat on the stage with the staff at morning assembly, listening to the nasal drone of the headmistress with admirable concentration. Unobtrusively, still maintaining the same respectable attentiveness, she put on her tinted glasses and looked at the staff seated around her, who were all trying to look interested too. She flickered from man to man . . . in her mind she had been to bed with every one of them . . .

Passing from one male to the next she rated each one's sexual performance on a scale from one to ten. Most scored under five.

'Mr Lines . . . did he make it with his wife last night? Doubt it — his legs are crossed tight . . . bet he's looking at mine.' Amelia languorously (but so innocently) uncrossed her legs and crossed them again. Could he glimpse a stocking top? The victim flushed, fidgeted and looked down at his knees. Shame on your dirty mind, Mr Lines . . . Amelia deliberately smoothed down her skirt with delicate, fastidious fingers.

She stared equably over the sea of spotty faces cramped in ragged lines on the floor, wrinkling her nose at the omnipresent odour of so many pubescent girls, to the back of the hall where she stared fixedly at the blank wall. On it projected the camera of her imagination. Her lurid, shameful pornographic fantasies . . .

'Mr Innes . . . sitting directly behind me . . . know he's *aware* of me, can feel him looking at the back of my neck. Let's see. Urgent and athletic. (I've seen his cock bulging away under that track suit . . .) Perhaps he'd strip me, rip my clothes, breathing heavily — beads of sweat glistening of his upper arms . . . carry me to bed. Screw like a maniac. Would he smoke afterwards? Yes. He certainly wouldn't kiss me. Wham, bam, and no 'thank you maam.' Four out of ten. Mildly enjoyed it.

Monsieur Massot . . . ooh, such slippery hands. A man who knows how to touch a woman, and where . . Sweet nothings in French. Body

going to seed though . . . skin smells of garlic and after-shave. Pooh! Still *his* was a nice size and he — Wow! did he like what I did with my mouth! Five out of ten for *appreciation!*

Mr Finn . . . Mathematics. Calculating prig. Would there be time before Match of the Day? No score.

Mr Raphael . . . my English master. Oooh! I can't think about him. Dark, leonine and unfathomable. I . . . I don't want to think about him. Help! I'm blushing — and he never misses a thing. Just can't work him out. I know he's not married — can't imagine why. He's so good looking. Nearly all the girls have got a crush on him, but I haven't, have I? No, I'm too old for that sort of thing. Oh Lord! Mr Raphael! I've got him this morning, all morning for 'Creative Writing.' I'll be leaving this dump in a few weeks and I think these filling-in courses are a waste of bloody time . . . Oh! not another hymn! . . .

* * * * *

Mr Raphael always told his students of the 'Creative Writing' class that he didn't expect them to write *anything.* He would merely be gratified if they did. If the creative spirit was not forthcoming that morning, never mind — a whole morning spent in creative thought was good enough.

The class arrived late in a mood of sulky resignation. Mr Raphael was annoyed and glowered at Amelia, although she had arrived in time of course. Amelia blushed furiously. She had nothing to feel ashamed of, yet Mr Raphael usually succeeded in making her feel vaguely uncomfortable and guilty about nothing at all. She fingered her ear-rings to reassure herself that she *was* a woman after all.

'Today,' began Mr Raphael, as the class fumbled to seat itself, 'I'm going to change things a little, and give you a specific subject, as hardly anyone wrote anything last week. Having the freedom to choose your own subject seemed to frighten you into producing nothing at all.' He looked accusingly from girl to girl and then at the pathetically small pile of marked scripts from last week, lying on his desk. Amelia looked up brightly and clasped her hands in relief — at least hers was among them.

' . . . Encounter with a Professional Person . . .' said Mr Raphael drily and sat down.

There was a silence, then a faint groan. What a way to bore away a morning! The class, shifting itself like a heaving woman lifting and settling her skirts, slumped into thought — or blankness. Three hours to go with only a short break in between.

Amelia couldn't think of a more uninspiring subject and lamented the hours she had to fill before lunch. Unless . . . she was bold enough to write about . . . She looked up thoughtfully. Yes — she would write a little story — but for herself. A true story about an event which had thrown her thoughts into fever ever since it happened. But of course she wouldn't hand it in to Mr Raphael! During the last half hour of lesson time, she would hastily scribble a token effort for the teacher and add a simpering postcript to the effect that she wasn't well . . . or she wasn't inspired this morning. She'd always submitted work on other occasions and Mr Raphael had praised it. Surely this entitled her to please herself just this once?

'My dentist,' she began in her neat precise hand, 'is an extremely good-looking man of about thirty five. Reason enough to pay him a visit!' She paused and caught sight of Mr Raphael while smiling to herself, and hastily assumed a studious expression. 'He certainly has a way of making one feel at ease,' she continued, 'an enlightened modern practitioner who dresses casually, has a pleasant chatty manner, and a video in his surgery for his patients' distraction. Choose a video and lie down for twenty minutes entertainment!'

Amelia paused, sucking her pen thoughtfully. Again Mr Raphael looked up at that precise moment and their eyes met. Amelia lowered hers swiftly and he returned to his book. Dare she? Dare she write what actually happened? If Mr Raphael should see . . .

Feeling excited she continued . . . 'On a recent visit to my own 'professional person' something rather extraordinary occurred. I was due for some unpleasant treatment when Mr Graham, my dentist suggested I try out his new video. I chose one entitled 'The Disciplining of St. Mary's', a curious title I thought. I assumed it was a school frolic and inserting the cassette, I settled back in the chair to watch the screen. Mr Graham set to work straight away at his horrible job, humming loudly and concentrating on what he was doing. I suppose he'd seen these videos before and wasn't interested. He didn't even glance at the screen once.

. . . There was no sound apart from the tap-tapping of the cane on the impatient Headmaster's fingers . . .

The film began with a long line of schoolgirls in gymslips (a bit old-fashioned to say the least) standing in front of the Headmaster who was brandishing a cane.

There was no sound apart from the tap-tapping of the cane on the impatient Headmaster's fingers. It quite heightened the drama not to have any dialogue. Behind the Headmaster stood a small group of other masters positively agog with excitement, all tense and rigid and wide-eyed. The camera passed along the line of girls, noting their woebegone faces (some were snivelling and about to cry) and then travelled along their back view, focussing quite deliberately on their bottoms . . .'

Amelia jerked her head up. Mr Raphael was deep in his book, so she feverishly resumed her writing.

'. . . The dentist was drilling my teeth. It was painful, but the entertainment was *riveting* . . .

The Headmaster walked slowly along behind the girls and paused before each one to flick up the back of her skirt rather cleverly with the tip of the cane. Each girl was wearing bottle green knickers, horrid thick cotton ones with deep hems — like they used to wear years ago. One thing I did notice though was that every girl was wearing a pair that appeared to be several sizes too small for her. This was demonstrated when the Headmaster pushed each girl in the back and made her bend over after he'd lifted

her skirt. You could see the stitches around the crotch straining to bursting point. (No wonder I got such funny looks from Mr Innes, our P.E. Instructor, when I was playing netball in my gym knickers; I haven't had a new pair since the second year. If I looked like *that* every time *I* bent over . . .) They were also wearing stockings — black ones with seams . . .

Mr Graham's head kept getting in the way. I was desperate not to miss a thing, and as for what happened next . . . it gives me wet knickers every time I think about it!

One master took a couple of girls, and picked a cane out of what looked like a golfing bag, and made the girls shuffle over to a corner of the hall. Then a close-up shot. Wow! Dealing with each one at a time, he motioned them to bend over and touch their toes, then promptly whacked them with the cane over their knickers right across the fleshiest part of their bottoms. I could just hear a 'hiss' as the cane cut through the air. The dentist was busy singing to himself and the drill was whining so he probably didn't hear it. What a strange choice for a dentist's video selection I thought. Still it was certainly taking my mind off what was happening in my mouth . . .

The next sequence was Amazing! One poor girl was led by a master into a back room where he shut the door. She must have done something awful. The other girls were still being whacked in the hall and the camera caught some of their faces — with expressions of pain and horrible grimaces. To return to the poor victim alone with the (rather good-looking) master . . . He started to tickle her between the legs with the tip of the cane, causing her to jump about. (If anyone tickled me down there it would do more than just tickle.)'

Amelia began to squeeze her thighs together and wriggle her bottom on the chair. She was flushed and quite unaware that Mr Raphael was quietly observing her . . .

'The dentist at that point infuriatingly leant over me, blocking my view, but the next time I looked at the screen I almost choked on that gurgling suction thing I had wedged in my mouth. This girl was taking her knickers down, and the way the master was looking at her bare bum — well, I'd do anything to be looked at like that! Everything was visible: bum cheeks all plump and quivering, pubic hair. She'd pulled her plaits over her face so I couldn't see her expression, but I should think from the way she was standing, head bent and knock-kneed, that she was terribly embarrassed.

The master started to run his hands over her bum cheeks and then he tipped her over so her bottom was nicely presented to receive the cane.

She seemed to take it very well, only flinching a little and drawing her buttock muscles in tightly after each stroke. There were red lines appearing on her bum as that thin, whippy little cane landed time after time. The master stopped caning her all of a sudden, grabbed a chair and sat down. She was still bending over and the master had a long look at what he'd done. Then he pulled her down so that she was lying across his knees. He started to spank her bare bum, already red and stripey, and his hand imparted an all-over red glow to her well caned bottom cheeks.

The cameraman obviously got carried away here because he zoomed in on her bottom until it filled the entire screen. I could see the crack between her cheeks and *everything* else, and this male hand coming down on her rosy-red rear. Oooh! To be that close to his you-know-what! And speaking of *that* — the master unzipped himself and lugged 'it' out until it rested close up against her thigh. (The cameraman seemed preoccupied with the master's thing now and I too couldn't keep my eyes off it!) The master eased the girl off his lap and she stood with her back to the camera — how red her bum was! Then he pushed her till she was lying across the chair with her naked bottom stuck well up into the air.

At that moment Mr Graham came out of his daydream and caught sight of the screen. He almost drilled through my gum! He went RED — even redder than Hilary Sparks does in the Upper V — stopped drilling, rushed to the video and turned it off. He was panting and embarrassed. 'I'm terribly sorry,' he said, wringing his hands, 'I had no idea *that* was among the videos (who's complaining, I thought?) '. . . I just don't know how it could have got there . . .'

Probably part of his private collection, I thought wryly. Kinky tastes. Spanking . . . Caning . . . *Exciting!* Brings a new dimension to the sex thing. Perhaps he watches it when there are no patients. Perhaps he spanks his dental nurse when she's there . . .'

Amelia had grown very red in the face and was quite carried away with her story; her stockings stuck to her thighs and there were other areas of her which felt uncomfortable too.

It was nearly lunchtime and Mr Raphael was not at his desk. Feeling suddenly uneasy, she turned her head, sensing that someone was looking over her shoulder. She was right. Mr Raphael stood there, an expression of disgust and fascination on his face. He had been reading her last page!

Amelia felt as though she had shrunk to nothingness inside her clothes. The heat of her excitement rapidly turned to clamminess and she swallowed noisily. Oh my God! She sat helpless as Mr Raphael calmly picked up her writing and returned with it to his desk.

'Amelia has finished,' he announced to the class. There was sarcasm in his voice, 'and I hope you all have too.'

Amelia flung her blonde curls over her face to hide her cheeks; they were burning. The class departed, leaving Amelia busy with her bag, still waiting for her face to cool down.

Mr Raphael sat reading her 'essay', tapping his teeth with a pencil. Amelia — feeling like a stricken rabbit, caught and unable to run away — made a clumsy movement from her desk and he looked up. His eyes were unfathomable.

'I would like to see you after school, *Miss* Amelia, 'he said caustically. 'I think we need to have a little talk about *this*.'

The rest of the day passed unendurably slowly for Amelia. She was caught in spasms of panic. Suppose Mr Raphael had shown her writing to the other staff, or left it lying about in the staffroom? What would

he think of her? Now he knew her private thoughts, knew she wasn't as innocent as she looked.

She rushed into the cloakroom and hid behind the coats when Mr Raphael loomed out of the staffroom for his lunch time duty. It was Amelia's duty as well but she swopped with a friend and went alone into nearby Reigate to eat in a sombre restaurant. She desperately tried to think herself into a state of composure and was puzzled and disconcerted at how fluttery and excited she really felt. Erratically she bought some expensive stockings — fully fashioned ones with seams, nearly purchasing black ones by mistake. She also sprayed herself extravagantly with Je Reviens at the perfume counter, much to the assistant's disapproval.

4 p.m. Amelia waited as instructed outside the staffroom. Outwardly she looked calm. Very presentable. Clean stockings (the ones she'd bought specially) a little pale lipstick, smooth shining hair. Standing in front of a mirror she had scrutinised her appearance and picked every speck of fluff, every stray hair from her clothes. She felt as if she was going to a very important interview and had to look her best.

. . . What was he going to do with her? Should he be seeing her alone like this, so late after school? . . .

Mr Raphael emerged from the staffroom long after the other staff had gone home. He was smoking a cigarette and carried a folder under his arm, containing the story, no doubt. He avoided Amelia's flickering glance and walked silently down the dark corridor.

'We'll go to Room L2 in the annexe. The cleaners have finished in that part of school now,' he said airily. 'Come along, Amelia Rogers.'

She followed him like a child, aware of her stockings rustling and chafing her thighs, the pressure of her tight, smooth skirt rubbing and sliding over her hips; the click of her lone high-heels in the echoing corridor and the soft squeak-squeak of Mr Raphael's suedes.

What was he going to do with her? Should he be seeing her alone like this, so late after school?

He opened the classroom door and Amelia, her eyes downcast, walked past him. She smelt a faint whiff of after-shave as she brushed the softness of his jacket. She could hear his breathing.

He shut the door and moved to the desk where he lit another cigarette. All was silence for a long, electric moment and Amelia shivered.

Mr Raphael cleared his throat.

'Well, it's disgusting isn't it Amelia? I don't have to say any more, do I?' he finished softly, taking the pages of her work from the folder and shuffling them on the desk. He looked at her laconically.

'I'm sorry Sir — Mr Raphael — you weren't meant to see it.'

. . . "Please don't show the Head, Mr Raphael. *Please . . .*" Her voice was pleading, barely a whisper . . .

'I know, girl,' he snapped, making Amelia jump.

She looked unhappily at the space between their feet.

'But Sir — it was true — about the dentist, I mean. It *did* happen.' she said pleadingly.

He blew smoke from his nostrils in an impatient snort.

'The sexual fantasies of a schoolgirl — the Headgirl —' he nodded curtly, 'are very interesting . . . and informative . . . but they have no place in school,' he finished acerbically.

'Please don't show the Head, Mr Raphael. *Please . . .*' Her voice was pleading, barely a whisper.

'I don't know what I should do.' He rose and paced slowly round the desk, loosening his tie. 'It's extraordinary,' he said at last, 'that you find the thought of a caning so . . . er . . . pleasurable.' He paused in front of her.

Amelia could hear his breathing, quick and shallow. Like her own.

'I doubt if you would find it so *arousing*' he pounced on the word with unkind relish, 'in real life.'

Amelia was mute.

'I think that your appalling little piece of pornography should be on the Headmistress's desk. But then, as she is a lady of some delicacy it would probably make her sick, Amelia — and you would be in immediate and everlasting *disgrace!*' He thumped his fist on the desk. 'I shall therefore take it upon myself to punish you. Then we shall say no more about the matter to anyone. Do you agree?' He spoke harshly. Amelia would readily agree to anything if it meant avoiding disgrace. She nodded dumbly.

'Right!' Mr Raphael sprang from the desk were he had been sitting and went into the stockroom. He returned with a thin school cane in his hand.

Amelia's lower lip trembled. 'Please Sir . . .' she faltered in a thin voice. She was spellbound by the cane tap-tapping in his hands. There seemed a ghastly inevitability about what was to come.

She felt herself blushing uncontrollably. So the instrument of her fantasy was going to be used to punish her. She stumbled at this realisation, her high-heels raucously scraping across the floor; the only sound in the room.

Mr Raphael paced up and down. He seemed reluctant to look Amelia in the eye.

'It's appropriate, I feel under the circumstances, to make the punishment fit the crime. I shall in part enact your little fantasy. Only I think you will find the reality not so pleasant. Amelia, remove your skirt!' He turned his back on her as if he would brook no argument.

Amelia hesitated, then mechanically removed her coat and laid it on the desk. The sound of a rasping zip, the slither of fine nylon against flannel . .. A sigh of exertion as her hips wriggled free from the clinging material of her skirt.

Mr Raphael turned. In a brisk glance he noticed her stocking tops, long bare thighs, the creases in her white cotton French knickers — revealing a good deal of her bottom, and looked quickly away again out of the window at the grey afternoon. Then he instructed Amelia to bend over and position her rear for the punishment.

With a piteous look she obeyed. Her curls tumbled over her flushed face in a silken stream. Her knickers tightened and gradually rose, exposing more and more of her plump ivory cheeks until the cupp-

able curve beneath each was fully visible. Mr Raphael stood behind her, unable to take his eyes away from the delectable picture.

'I toyed with the idea of . . . punishing you over your skirt, but I don't think that would sufficiently impress on your mind just how serious the matter is . . .' he added sarcastically, 'needs a humiliating tumble from her lofty position if she is to learn her lesson,' he finished acidly.

Amelia shuffled and bent over even further. She wanted the whole business over as soon as possible. Much to her shame, the gusset of her knickers had almost completely disappeared between her cheeks.

Whack! The thin rattan cane cut into her exposed buttocks. Mr Raphael felt the vibrations travel up the cane into the palm of his hand and his body shook. He saw her bottom-cheeks contract and then shudder back into fullness as the pain ebbed away. Another stroke. Amelia bent over even further and stuffed her hair into her mouth to stifle a cry. She had not really believed that the first stroke had happened; was Amelia Rogers, Head Girl of Normanhurst, really being punished by a master with the cane? The second stroke dispelled all her illusions.

Mr Raphael felt it essential to do the job properly. He did not believe that a few token 'taps' would do any good at all. So he let the cane fall with some energy. He noticed that the marks did not appear immediately; the cane left bleached white lines for some time. When the blood returned beneath the skin the lines fleshed out into rosy stripes bisecting her cheeks.

. . . There was something inexplicably delicious in being *made* to appear so sexy and be punished for it at the same time . . .

The proximity of this young woman's semi-naked bottom sticking up so provocatively made his mouth go dry while the rest of him sweated profusely with excitement. As Amelia flinched and wriggled, wisps of hair came into view from beneath the hem of her knickers. She had brought her hand low between her thighs and was clutching the gusset.

After the first few strokes, when Amelia had been too shocked to think, the images from the video began to fill her mind. Here she was suffering the most awful humiliation and pain, yet at the same time she felt incredibly excited. It was so much better than fantasy.

A *real*, good looking man was caning her. She wished that she could see how he was looking at her bottom. Perhaps his 'thing' was unbearably hard too. She had no way of telling.

There was something inexplicably delicious in being *made* to appear so sexy and be punished for it at the same time. She had completely forgotten what the 'punishment' was about; the excitement of the fantasy and reality were interwoven.

Mr Raphael caned Amelia mercilessly. He dared not think what her bottom looked like under those knickers, and struggled with the desire to pull them down and see for himself.

Suddenly from Amelia came a cry that began like a baby's cry into consciousness. Then she hunched, put her hands up to her face and cried loud sobs through her tousled hair.

Mr Raphael stopped. He was worried. Perhaps he had caned her too hard. While she stood blubbering he reflected how much she must have hated what he had done. She certainly couldn't find it exciting, could she?

He moved closer to her while she was crying hysterically. She felt weak and losing her balance, fell heavily against Mr Raphael's chest. He could smell her hair, feel her breasts squashed tight against him, her tangled fingers clutching his jacket. She was red-faced, wild and panting and . . . pressing her body hard and insistantly against him . . .

Involuntarily his hands moved over her. Down, down to the fullness of her burning cheeks. She stood on tip-toe, wriggling as his fingers slipped between her legs . . . He withdrew them quickly, shocked and overwhelmed. They were wet! Her thighs were running with moisture. The cotton gusset of her knickers was wet through.

'Amelia,' he said breathlessly, pushing her away from him, 'get dressed at once and go home . . . You have been . . . punished . . . I . . .' he faltered, unable to speak.

Amelia dressed and ran from the room flushed and dishevelled. Mr Raphael stood motionless, distractedly sweeping his hair away from a sweaty forehead, fumbling with his cigarettes; his mind a turmoil.

* * * * *

The days passed and the end of term approached. Both Amelia and Mr Raphael spent much time avoiding each other. He was preoccupied and short tempered, she in a dream.

Summer holidays . . . Amelia was restless. University . . . piano lessons . . . a wedding . . . but her mind was feverishly obsessed by Mr Raphael. Night after night in her hot-summer bed she relived what had happened . . . The undressing . . . the cane . . . Mr Raphael's fingers . . . The room was filled with her moaning and her sighs . . .

She willed that she might see him again. One evening there was a 'phone call. It was Mr Raphael.

'I've been looking through your 'Creative writing',' he said — tense and hesitant. 'I think it shows promise, Amelia. I would . . . like to discuss it with you. There is the prospect of publication. Would you like to call on Thursday evening?'

Amelia nearly made herself ill with excitement and anticipation. When Thursday came she bathed and powdered herself like a King's concubine until her skin was sweetly fragrant and baby-soft.

Wearing filmy French knickers, a pretty pastel dress, tiny white shoes and ankle socks, with her hair in a cloud about her shoulders, she arrived at Mr Raphael's house.

'Hello, Mr Raphael,' she said, and there was none of the 'Head Girl' confidence in her voice as he ushered her into the sitting room.

He lit a cigarette, offered one to Amelia, paced the room and immediately began to talk very fast.

'You write well, Amelia,' he began in a cracked voice, addressing the room. He could not look at her. 'However, I think you should pay more attention to colloquial expressions and . . .'

Amelia sank dispiritedly back

into the sofa. The limpid longing in her eyes dimmed and disappointment clouded her face. What had she expected him to say? Or *do?* Perhaps she had to learn to accept that he was an ex-schoolmaster older than herself, and she was only sadly trapped in a young girl's fantasy.

To Mr Raphael, a vision of Alice in Wonderland was sitting curled up on his sofa; tanned legs tucked demurely underneath her. She gazed up at him. He stammered over his words.

Amelia could only speak to him with her eyes, and that wasn't enough. He was, after all an ex-schoolmaster. She meant nothing to him. After a while she stubbed her cigarette out in defeat and rose to go.

'I'm sorry . . . I can't stay any longer,' she said, trying to hide the crushing disappointment in her voice.

Mr Raphael took her arm urgently and looked into her eyes for the first time.

'Amelia, I've thought of nothing else but our . . . encounter at school since it happened. I am no longer in loco-parentis. I am a man who does not understand. I must know . . . Amelia, did you find my caning you . . . sexually arousing?' He was breathing in short little gasps.

Amelia went limp and nodded.

Mr Raphael was exultant. 'Amelia, I could say nothing while I was your teacher or I might lose my job. I've read your "essay" night after night.' He began to stroke her throat with trembling fingers. 'I confess that I enjoyed it very much. I enjoyed caning you very much.'

. . . "Sir, would you spank me please? Instead of the cane?" . . .

'Yes, Sir.' Amelia moved closer and whispered into his jacket.

'Amelia I would like to cane you again. Now. Would you? . . . Excitement rendered his words staccato, toneless.

'Yes, Mr Raphael,' the words were simply said.

He moved and went to a drawer where he took out a school cane.

'Sir?'

He turned, the cane shaking in his hands.

'Sir, would you spank me please? Instead of the cane?'

'Yes Amelia. But why?'

'Because it happened in my story . . . and because I want to feel . . . the touch of your hands on me,' she finished in a shy whisper.

The cane rattled in the drawer as he put it away.

Amelia swept her hair aside and struggled with the zip on her dress and Mr Raphael hesitated before helping her.

The dress slid down over her shoulders in one movement and lay in folds at her feet. She stood in her bra and knickers which again had ridden up into the crack of her cheeks and were damp with her own excited perspiration.

Mr Raphael ran greedy hands over her body in silence. He undid her bra and cupped a hand around each breast, kneading the soft, swelling flesh gently. The nipples grew proud under his touch.

He pushed Amelia away and gazed lustfully at her. Soft hair falling over pink-flushed face, narrow tanned shoulders. Milky paleness of breasts, untouched by the sun.

'I shall spank you Amelia,' he said slowly, savouring every word, 'but I shall do it on your bare, your naked bottom.'

She shuddered, but obediently began to lower her knickers.

He turned her to see the round heaviness of her cheeks exposed inch by tantalising inch. Peach-like bottom; downy, full and curvaceous. Luscious.

Spreading his legs he laid her across his lap, knickers in a creased tangle about her knees.

He raised his hand and brought it down resoundingly right across the crown of her buttocks.

'Oooh, spank me Mr Raphael, spank me *hard*, I'm such a naughty girl . . . Oooh . . .' She was humping and surging against him and with each spank she jerked spasmodically up and down.

He gained confidence and the slaps came measured and heavy. Her round cheeks, dancing under the hot, stinging palm, were turning deep pink. She moaned and drew breath, widening her legs until they were restricted by the knickers, the fragile cotton began to rip as she strained against them.

Amelia felt the vibrations travel through her like jerky shocks. Mr Raphael tipped her further over his knee. He could smell her arousal. And it was driving him mad.

'Naughty, disgusting girl! Wicked Amelia! If you could see what I can see from here! . . . You're sopping wet! . . . and all because I'm spanking you!' he panted accusingly.

'Oooh, Mr Raphael — you're hurting me now. Oooh . . .' she clutched her burning cheeks with one hand but he roughly thrust it aside.

'Mr Raphael — plee-se stop! Oh! Oh! —' She jerked herself rigid and screamed. Her knickers ripped completely. In a mixture of shame and pain, loud sobs broke free and she clutched Mr Raphael's legs, crying noisily.

Mr Raphael had Amelia Rogers totally in his power. He wanted to do everything all at once: dress her up in all kinds of sexy and provocative costumes, and cane her hard; stripe her bottom with the marks of his possession . . .

But there would be plenty of time for that. Right now, he was going to screw her bloody hard on her poor, red, sore, naughty little bottom . . .

* * * * *

Mr Raphael told Amelia's mother that her daughter's 'Creative Writing' showed promise, but needed intensive study. He offered to provide the necessary instruction at his house.

Amelia dutifully presented herself at Mr Raphael's home every other evening — for most of the holidays.

Her mother was delighted with Amelia's dedication, and with Mr Raphael. 'So thorough and painstaking . . . such a charming man,' she said.

Amelia blushed. Painstaking it certainly was. She sat down very gingerly — a certain part of her was a little tender due to the previous evening's disciplinary activity.

One thing was a puzzle to Amelia's mother. What was happening to her daughter's creative work? She hadn't one piece of writing to show — for all Mr Raphael's efforts . . .

New Matron at St Margarets

'There will be some changes around here.' Thus spoke Elspeth Keating, incoming Headmistress of St Margaret's Academy for Young Ladies. And, it has to be said, the woman proved to be true to her word. Discipline at the exclusive boarding establishment had, in Mrs Keating's well-informed opinion, become lax. Girls, she observed, appeared to be getting up to all sorts of disorderly acts — acts, she noted, that were for the most part going completely unpunished. 'Give girls an inch and they will be sure to take a yard,' she could frequently be heard saying — more often than not suffixing this statement with the words: *'I* prefer to give *my* girls a yard,' answering any inquisitiveness brought about by the cryptic nature of this comment with: 'A yard of bamboo . . . thin, swishy bamboo . . . the cane!'

One of the first changes to occur under this new regime was the dismissal of Mrs Naylor, the school's Matron — she was well past pensionable age, although, had the woman been substantially younger, she would still have been given her marching orders. The reasoning behind this move was that the school's new Head had been blessed with a daughter, Geraldine, who just happened to be a fully qualified State Registered Nurse. A mere two days after Elspeth Keating's appointment had been secured, Geraldine Keating, S.R.N., was installed as the new Matrron of St Margaret's.

. . . Quite frankly, Geraldine could not believe her good fortune; a cushy job and *carte blanche to whip any naughty young lady she wished to . . .*

Like her mother, young Geraldine was a firm believer in the use of corporal punishment for delinquent youngsters. She, herself, had been subjected to not infrequent thrashings from both her mother and her father, Major Keating. Indeed, although now in her mid-twenties, her caring parents still administered the occasional hiding for acts of disobedience at home. Unlike most young women of her age, Geraldine fully accepted this type of treatment; she was aware that her parents loved her dearly, and whacked her not out of cruelty but out of a desire that she should blossom into a fine, upstanding woman; a credit to the family name.

Elspeth Keating first learned of her daughter's strong feelings regarding the treatment of mischievious youngsters when, two years back, her nephew, David — Geraldine's cousin — was staying with them for Easter. Geraldine and David had been arguing for some time and, as the row grew more heated, the sixteen-year-old boy slapped Geraldine around her face. Reporting the eventuality to her mother, it was agreed that she should administer a thrashing to her disgraceful relative. And thrash him she most certainly did.

In the presence of her parents, Geraldine gave the boy eight superbly laid-on strokes of her father's whippy cane and, although these were given on the seat of David's trousers, it was more than evident that the young woman had learned — in more ways than one — from the thrashings administered to her. In the eyes of her mother, Geraldine was a natural and, as a qualified nurse, was perfect for the post of School Matron at St Margaret's.

'You have my full authority, Geraldine,' Elspeth Keating had said to her daughter on the morning of the girl's first day in her new job, 'to punish . . . and punish severely . . . any misconduct amongst the pupils of this fine establishment. I will say, however,' the woman continued as the twosome sat in the Head's study, 'that the more serious offenders should be reported to me for my own personal attention.'

Quite frankly, Geraldine could not believe her good fortune; a cushy job *and* carte blanche to whip any naughty young lady she wished to.

It didn't take the school's new Matron very long to get fully into the swing of her new position. It was, in fact, only her third day when she came upon one of the senior girls smoking behind the pottery shed in the school's new wing. Throwing the incriminating weed to the ground and stubbing it out with her foot, Geraldine took hold of the girl's arm and led her to the Head's study. Her mother was out at a conference, and her room would, she felt, create just the right kind of atmosphere. She would also be able to avail herself of one of her mother's regulation school canes, should she wish to employ such an implement.

The culprit was one Theresa Croft. She had made something of a habit of smoking on the sly, and more often than not this practice had gone undetected. On a couple of occasions she had been caught, but both times had avoided punishment. Mr Jackson, the Maths teacher had let her off with nothing more than a stiff lecture, and when the Games Mistress, Miss Collins, found her having a crafty drag in the Gym's storeroom the girl received a mere two slaps on the back of her legs.

As she was being taken across the playground to the old wing, though, Theresa had a feeling that this time things would be quite different; that *this* time she would pay.

. . . Inch by inch the thin pants were slipped down over her bottom until they had completely cleared the quivering buttocks . . .

The two — School Matron and pupil — arrived at the Head's study. When inside, Geraldine shut and locked the door; there would be no interruptions. The young woman seated herself on a nice, comfy chair and told the girl to get over her lap. There was something about the bespectacled

woman's manner which made Theresa feel totally helpless and dominated. She obeyed the instruction without question.

Geraldine lifted Theresa's school skirt up at the back to display a pair of tight, white school knickers. Getting herself as comfortable, she raised her hand above the delectable target.

The feminine palm sped downwards and struck its first blow. *'Please,* Matron . . .' Theresa cried on receipt of the smack, only to be silenced by another, harder, slap. 'I . . . I won't do it again,' she implored. Matron was ignoring the girl's silly entreaties. Another smack resounded around the study walls. The girl wriggled in a vain attempt to free herself. Her right arm came back to try to cover her bottom. The strong and determined Matron caught hold of it and held it in a vice-like grip.

The smacks kept coming — faster now and harder. Theresa was whimpering as her thinly-covered rear grew warmer by the second. Although certain that this spanking was having the desired effect, Geraldine was, as yet, in no way satisfied that the naughty girl had suffered enough. For this reason — plus the fact that she felt something of a yearning to see this young schoolgirl bum *in the flesh* — she decided to curtail this part of the punishment, and told Theresa to stand. A firm hand then pushed the girl onto the seat of the chair. 'Please, Matron . . . I . . . I'm really sorry,' the miserable girl pleaded.

'Shut up, girl!' came the Matron's retort. 'You will take your punishment and will not make any fuss . . . unless, that is,' she added with venom, 'you want me to report you to the Head . . .'

Theresa most definitely *didn't* want to be reported to the

Head. She had heard a few things about this new member of the staff — her friend, Cathy, had suffered four strokes of the cane in this very room from the woman just yesterday.

She grasped the top of the chair's backrest and closed her eyes awaiting the next development. The next development was, in fact, the taking down of her knickers. Inch by inch the thin pants were slipped down over her bottom until they had completely cleared the quivering buttocks. The air felt cool on her already rather warm rear-end.

Positioning herself to the girl's left, Geraldine brought her hand down with a *smack!* Theresa emitted a moan. Another slap landed — this time on the other cheek. The girl wriggled and breathed heavily.

Matron's trusty palm rose and fell, fell and rose, rapidly. Theresa's bottom was growing quite red and her yelps were becoming louder, her contortions more pronounced.

After about twenty smacks, Geraldine stood back to admire her handiwork. The stinging in her palm told her that the girl must have felt the spanking, but still the young woman was not fully satisfied. On her way into the room she had noticed one of her mother's canes in a corner and the sight of that, allied with the fact that her hand was growing quite painful through beating this girl's bare bottom, Geraldine decided that phase three — the caning — should now be brought into play.

'Stand up'! she barked at Theresa, who, quite naturally, reckoned her penance had finally reached its conclusion. 'Pull those knickers up, girl!' came her next order, and Theresa was only too happy to comply. Her relief, however, was short-lived. She watched as the young woman strode over to the corner . . . to where the cane stood propped against the wall.

Geraldine took hold of her mother's yard of thin, swishy bamboo, and bent it between her hands. She walked slowly back to where the girl stood. 'No . . . no . . . please,' Theresa whined as she took-in the sight of the cane. 'Please, Matron . . . I . . . I'm sorry . . . honest I am . . .'

'Not half as sorry as you are going to be, young lady,' Geraldine said with a smirk. 'Smoking,' she went on, 'is an offence punishable with a caning. What you have just had was by means of a warm-up . . . nothing more. If you persist in this bleating, girl, I shall report the matter to the Head. *She,* let me tell you, will administer the very soundest of thrashings to you. Now . . . bend over that cabinet — and be quick about it.'

Like an automaton, Theresa obeyed. She stretched her arms out in front of her and gripped the far edge of the piece of furniture. Her skirt was flipped up and laid on her back. The Matron attended to the girl's knickers — pulling them tight over the contours of schoolgirl buttocks. She — as with any other member of the staff, with the exception of the Head-mistress — was not permitted to cane on the bare. While she regretted this, Geraldine was determined to ensure that, even though the girl had the benefit of the thin, cotton covering, the cane would make its presence felt in no uncertain terms.

She stepped backwards a little way to take in the sight of this beknickered schoolgirl posterior. Grasping the thin cane in her right hand, she raised it high above Theresa's bottom. Taking careful aim, she brought the snake-like implement swishing down, and it landed with a sickening *thwick!* across the twin orbs of the protruding backside.

Theresa emitted a soft moan — a moan which grew into a quiet squeal as the pain flowed from her rear to course its way through her whole body. She trembled in anticipation as the next, inevitable stroke loomed. Her young body became tense.

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She could hear the young woman behind her; hear the rustling of her starched, white uniform. Then the only sound to be heard was the swishing of the rod as it fell towards her bum again. A split-second later and it landed with more force than its predecessor.

Theresa let out a: 'Yeoww!', and threw her right arm back to protect herself. The arm was caught hold of again by the redoubtable Matron, and the woman gripped it as she had done before. The girl felt totally incapable of any movement whatsoever. All she could do was stay there, bent over, and be punished.

. . . Here she was, an eighteen-year-old young lady, being caned by a woman no more than six years her senior . . .

How ridiculously insignificant, how utterly humiliated Theresa felt as she lay across the wooden cabinet. It was just as if she were a small child being beaten by mummy. The facts of the situation were, though, somewhat different. Here she was, an eighteen-year-old young, lady being caned by a woman no more than six years her senior. Had her punisher been many years her elder — say, one of the teachers or the Headmistress — it would not, she felt, be so embarrassing; would not, she was sure, be having this effect upon her. Of course, the pain of the punishment would probably be about the same whoever was the one weilding that awful cane — probably more painful if administered by the Head — but the very idea of someone easily old enough to be a sister to her made Theresa feel very small and very, very silly.

The cane thrashed down onto the seat of her knickers a further four times. She yelped and wriggled throughout this hiding — quite the most severe she had ever taken. Her cries, her pleadings, her attempts at avoiding further strokes had no effect whatever on the woman with the cane.

When she was finally finished with the naughty girl, Geraldine Keating, School Matron, told the girl to remain in position for five minutes and reflect upon her 'sin', as she put it. Theresa lay there, positively dying to massage her stinging bottom, but knowing that such a move would only result in her having to undergo further torment at the hands of the Matron.

As she lay across the cabinet, her bum throbbing, her face flushed and tear-stained, the only sound to be heard was that of the old grandmother clock at the far end of the study. She found it surprising that she had not noticed its 'tock-tock' before.

She wondered where the Matron was. She was being very quiet, that was for sure. The Matron was in fact sitting a few yards behind the pupil, her eyes firmly set upon the seat of Theresa's knickers and the tramlines made by the cane — and her use of it — which travelled out from underneath the garment's material and across the very lowest part of her buttocks.

'Very well,' Geraldine at last spoke, 'you may get up now, girl. Smooth your skirt down and return to your lesson.' The girl did as she was told. As she approached the door, the woman barked over at her. 'And don't let me catch you indulging in that disgusting habit again — or it will be the Headmistress who deals with you.'

Theresa turned again and went out of the room after first unlocking the door. She had no intention of getting caught again. She did, however, intend to smoke . . . but would simply make sure she wasn't detected.

She walked the long corridor of the main building, her hands gently rubbing her punished bottom through her skirt and knickers. The pain was now beginning to subside a little, though she had no doubt that sitting down in comfort was something she would have some difficulty in doing for some days to come.

The school's new Matron had arrived . . . *and how!*

Geraldine sat at her mother's oaken desk, twiddling the cane between her sweaty palms. She eyed the length of thin bamboo and recalled the punishing effect it had had on the backside of her very first victim. She swivelled round in the chair and put her feet up on the desk. A smile crept across her face — a satisfied, smug smile. She though of young Theresa and how she must be feeling right now. Probably in the dorm, massaging a damp flannel across her beaten rear, she reckoned.

At that point the door burst open and in strode the Head — her mother. 'What in God's name . . .!' Geraldine quickly took her feet off the desk top and shot up out of her mother's chair. 'What do you think you are doing?!' she roared.

'I . . . I . . .' she stammered, 'I have . . . er . . . just punished one of the girls,' she explained.

'In here?! . . . In my study, girl?!'

'Well . . . I thought . . .'

'Yes?!'

'I just thought that it would be the best place, mother,' Geraldine tried to explain.

'That may be so . . . but in my absence?! . . . no-one, but no-one, is to use my study in my absence!' She moved over to the desk where the cane lay. 'I can see that you are in need of a spot of punishment, yourself, Geraldine,' her mother observed.

'Oh, no, mother . . . please. I'm terribly sorry, honest . . . I won't do it again.' The young woman was aware how much she was sounding like Theresa had sounded just a few minutes earlier. 'Please, mother . . . I *am* sorry.'

. . . Without any further delay, she hitched up her uniform below the waist and held it and her petticoat clear of her bottom . . .

'Stop your pathetic snivelling, girl,' the Head commanded in stern tones. 'You will lift up your skirts and bend over the cabinet.'

'But, mother . . .'

'One extra stroke for answering back,' announced the woman.

'But . . .'

'Two extra strokes . . . that's eight. Want any more?'

Geraldine decided that she didn't and shut her mouth with her hand, lest it be unable to close of its own accord, and emit further protestations.

Without any further delay, she hitched up her uniform below the waist and held it and her petticoat clear of her bottom. Standing there about to bend over as instructed, she felt as childish and stupid as Theresa had felt before her . . . and *she* was nearly twenty-five. Still, she thought, she shouldn't have used her mother's study without her permission. She had disobeyed her and now had to pay for that disobedience.

She bent, pushing her arms out in front of and grasping hold of the far edge of the cabinet. It was all like an action-replay of what had occured in the study a mere five or so

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minutes earlier . . . with the important exception that it was *she* and not Theresa who was bending awaiting punishment from that whippy cane.

As she bent, the tight nylon of her cream-coloured stockings grew tighter still over the length of her long, shapely legs. The thin, semi-transparent, pink nylon knickers strained to contain her full, adult rear. They had to strain for only a few seconds further, however, as her mother's next move was to insert her fingers in the waistband of the flimsy garment and take them down over her bottom and down to mid-thigh.

'Right now, my girl,' her mother said, 'You are to receive eight strokes.'

Geraldine felt her body tense involuntarily. Her mother's firm left hand pressed down onto the small of her back. She felt — as she always did in these circumstances — totally at her mother's mercy.

Swish! Thwick! 'Arghh!' — The first stroke landed, right across the centre of her bare bottom.

Swish! Thwick! — 'Owww!'

Swish! Thwick! — 'Oh . . . Ooooh!' she breathed as number three lashed across her bum.

There was a longer pause then: *Swish! Thwick!* — 'Owww Oh Owww! Mother . . .!'

'Stop your nonsense, girl,' her mother ordered, 'you are sounding just like one of those silly little schoolgirls.'

Geraldine, upon realising this, determined not to make any further fuss; she had no intention of sounding like one of *them.*

Swish! Thwick! — The next stroke met its target.

Swish! Thwick! — The sixth cut landed. Geraldine gasped, but made sure she didn't make any noise other than this sharp inhalation of breath. Were it not for her earlier pleadings she would now have completed her punishment. As it was, there were another two to come. There was no way she was going to give her irate parent reason to chastise her further.

Swish! Thwick! — The penultimate stroke hit right across the crown of her bottom, where there was less flesh. She let out a quiet yelp, moved her body slightly without realising, and was pushed back into position. 'Sorry, mother,' she said in a whisper.

The final cut came after a pause of about half-a-minute. The pause in fact was so lengthy Geraldine thought for a moment that maybe she had miscounted. This thought, though, was blasted away when she heard the cane whip down through the air and then felt its impact upon her trembling, grown-up buttocks.

'Arghhh! Oh! Oh! Oooooh!' Geraldine wailed, and, on the command, rose uneasily from her bent-over position and put her hands to her quivering cheeks.

Her hair was in a toussled state, tears were coursing down her face, causing her make-up to run. She eased her knickers up over her throbbing hindquarters, wincing as the material made contact with the punished area.

'You may go about your duties, now, Geraldine,' her mother said, 'and let us have no more flaunting of my rules.'

'Yes, mother,' Geraldine breathed, making her exit.

The school's new Headmistress had arrived. Pretty soon all the pupils would have first-hand knowledge of just what that meant.

For Geraldine, it meant that, not only did she have a strict, uncompromising *mother* who would thrash her for any act of disobedience, but also had an *employer* who would act along the same lines . . . should her behaviour warrant it!

Letter of the Month

Dear Sir,

We are finding Roué very enjoyable. My brother-in-law first introduced it to Jane, my sister. I knew that she was interested in CP, but she did not know that I was also. So when I went to stay with her — as I do now — in Devon I get the chance to read the latest copy obtained in Exeter and browse through all the back numbers. Never has it been better, and Lawrence says to keep it all CP and proper school uniforms, regulation tunics, montfort knickers, correct socks, shirts, ties and shoes. Roué has it right; other CP mags miss out on these small — but important — points.

So, having shown my interest, I now write to tell you why I suppose I am interested in CP. In no way am I ashamed of it — in fact, as a grown-up, I feel that CP both in school and home very important; to get the cane should be an embarrassment to a boy or girl, and further more it should jolly well hurt them. There is no point in smacking someone with two or three layers of clothing on.

But let me please, dear sir and readers, take you back to Devon in 1944, when I and my three sisters were brought up. Nora was the eldest, then me, then Jane and finally Wendy — there being a year between each of us. Our parents were in the army — father, now dead, a very senior officer, and our mother, well, she was doing very hush-hush work that took her abroad most of the time.

It is important that you know something of our aunt and uncle's queer ideas. Firstly, I suppose as clothes were on coupons we had few things to wear. Aunt and uncle believed in bare legs, so we got no socks in summer. They didn't think girls needed vests, so we got no vests at all until we were so big that our developing tits stuck out of our school blouses and the school insisted we wore vests under our blouses.

The knickers we wore were cotton school regulation ones in brown with elasticated tops and legs, very tight and very faded. I only possessed three pairs right up until I was eighteen (although at the High School I kept a pair of new ones which I stole from a school outfitters in Exeter, especially for gym and games).

At school in the winter we wore brief grey skirts and jumpers with ankle socks. In the summer aunt used to get a length of cotton and gather it at the waist, thread through the knicker elastic, and we had to wear our skirts mid-thigh or usually shorter, so our knickers could be seen from the back — even standing up, let alone bending down. There we were — four girls all dressed the same, in summer just a thin cotton blouse (T-shirts hadn't been invented then). We also had thick navy-blue sweaters we could wear in winter and our school blazers in summer. We were, however, never cold in our old vicarage, especially with the huge wood fires burning in the grates. It never seemed to rain; the sun always shone. On Sundays we got clean clothes — red jumpers and kilts for church and clean ankle socks.

I have gone on about clothes as it will explain why we used to get thrashed naked. Your readers will probably find this odd, but we never minded because we never knew any different, and even when really big, well, we simply accepted it as the norm.

When we first arrived we were My sisters and I were evacuated to Bath, then, when Bath was bombed, to Taunton, to an old aunt who just couldn't put up with four naughty girls. So, eventually, we moved down south Devon to another aunt — a retired school teacher who was married to a vicar. This aunt had taught at the school to which we were sent when younger — a county primary school with a very strict lady teacher. Finally, we all passed for the girls' High School.

told that aunt and uncle were very busy people, what with evacuees, WVS, Scouts, Guides and the Church, also local Parish affairs. We were also told that they were very strict and that if we misbehaved in any shape or form then we could expect to be punished and punished hard. Worse still, it turned out that aunt was very friendly with our head teacher, so everything we did wrong at school got back home and we got punished for it.

It was Nora who set things in motion two weeks after we arrived. She was told not to get wet in the stream in the vicarage garden. She fell in then sat in some mud, and a very cross aunt dragged her indoors, pulled off her muddy knickers and then sent her to the study for uncle to punish her. He took one look at her soaking dress as he produced the slipper and told her to take the dress off. She did so, and stood before him starkers, except for muddy ankle socks. She bent as instructed for eleven swipes across her bottom with the slipper, then into the corner, hands on head, to reflect on her sins.

About three weeks later Nora and I were in trouble for stealing plums. We were told to report to uncle, and when we arrived at his study he was busy writing his sermon. He said to Nora: 'Not you again', and told her to get ready for the slipper. She took off her little dress and pulled down her brown knickers — she didn't even have any socks on — and I then followed suit so that we both stood there starkers. She got ten strokes and I got eight and we both stood howling in the corner.

The next time I was sent for punishment I simply took off my dress and knickers without being told — as did the others — and so we continued to do it.

Maybe I shall write some more another time.

'Nice but naughty still' Jill, (Worcs)

CANE MUTINY

The sea trembled in the heat. The big motor cruiser rode easily at anchor as the tide began to turn. Penny lay in the shade of the deck awning, sipping an iced Martini as she watched Kurt plunge into the crystal clear water. She was enjoying her off-duty spell whilst the rest of the girls performed their tasks.

When she had seen the advert, for an "all girl crew", one of her friends had remarked, "for crew, read screw!" It had not been like that however. Kurt, or "Captain" as the girls were instructed to call him, had not made a pass at any of them. With the exception of Linda, of course. The well-proportioned, dark-haired young woman was already sharing his cabin when she had arrived on the dockside with Sally and Sue. Kurt referred to Linda as the Mate and the rest of the crew did so too.

None of the girls would have objected to sharing the cabin of the tall, blonde German who owned the craft, but it was clear that Linda was the only one to be allowed that privilege. It had also been made clear to them that their natural charms were to be properly concealed at all times. Mini bikinis were accepted as "adequate" by the handsome Captain. Linda, however, had an overspill problem in this respect, being very well endowed in the breastworks department.

The German ran a tight ship. Discipline was necessarily strict, but Kurt seemed just a little too fond of laying down the law. The message had gotten home to the girls the first night out at sea.

* * * * *

"I'm sorry," Penny had pleaded after everybody had assembled in the main cabin.

"Sir!" Linda reminded her.

"I'm sorry, sir," mumbled Penny, her head downcast and her shoulders swinging from side to side like a repentant schoolgirl.

The Captain sat on a chair at the end of the cabin with Linda alongside him. The other girls stood facing them.

"You were told to clean out the galley," Kurt reminded her sternly. "You did not do so!"

"I . . I thought," stammered the young blonde.

"What you thought does not matter," stated the Captain. "You will do as you are told. Is that understood?"

"Yes sir," Penny looked up and gave a pleasing smile.

The Captain was not impressed. "You will be punished," he stated, his guttural accent becoming more pronounced as he became angrier.

"Are you going to keel haul me like a drunken sailor? giggled Penny.

Linda's mouth dropped open. The red-haired Sue and the raven-haired Sally both looked at each other as they realised that Penny had gone too far.

. . . "I see I shall have to beat some discipline into you," he said with a grim smile on his face . . .

Penny realised it too and she stood with her head back, her arms behind her back and her breasts thrust forward. She hoped to get "off the hook" by her blatant sexuality. Kurt was not taken-in.

"Step forward!" he roared.

Biting her lip, Penny did as she was told.

Kurt whipped out an arm and clutched her in a vice-like grip. "You're hurting me!" she whimpered. "Let me go!"

"Don't speak to the Captain like that!" remonstrated Linda. "Show

respect!"

Kurt slowly pulled the blonde towards him. "I see I shall have to beat some discipline into you," he said with a grim smile on his face.

The shocked Penny was pulled across the Captain's lap. Her body pivoted from the waist and she touched the polished floor with the palms of her hands. She wriggled and the skin-tight jeans accentuated the lifting and separation of her bum with every movement.

. . . She relaxed a little but was still tense, waiting for the next slap . . .

"Keep still or it will be the worse for you!" ordered Linda, who seemed to be enjoying the situation. Her brown eyes sparkled and her lips parted in a grin.

Penny looked at the other two girls. Sue had a fist to her mouth and Sally stared at her with disbelieving eyes. The blonde girl decided to take the Mate's advice and she stopped her protest. She was in for a spanking so she decided to grin and bear it.

"I will have discipline on my ship!" stated Kurt. With that he raised a heavy hand into the air. He brought it down hard onto Penny's firm buttocks. She responded with a sharp exhalation of breath.

His hand stayed on the round curves of her behind before he raised it again. Everybody waited for the blow – especially Penny. It came with a resounding slap!

"Ooh!" cried the blonde. She twisted her head and her blonde hair fell about her face.

Linda ran her tongue over her lips but Sue and Sally did not move a muscle. Their faces had turned chalk-white.

Keeping his hand on her bottom, Kurt slowly moved it across both cheeks. Penny involuntarily pressed herself into his thighs, aware of the effect her body was having on him.

When he took his hand away Penny's body tensed as she knew another blow was imminent.

"Slap!"

"Aagh!" she cried, her breathing coming in a series of little bursts.

Kurt quickly raised his hand higher than before. He brought it down, harder than before. It was right on target and the stretched denim rounds on both sides of the seam quivered.

"Oooh!" Penny's head flicked back. Her eyes were screwed up for several seconds. She relaxed a little but she was still tense, waiting for the next slap.

Kurt kept her waiting for it. When it came, it was ferocious. Both Sally and Sue shivered as they stood watching the Captain meteout his punishment. The recipient let out a piercing shriek and her tight buttocks squirmed furiously.

Penny gasped for breath. She had now had five. Perhaps she would only receive six? She braced herself, bottom smarting as she waited for what she hoped was the last blow!

"Whap!"

"Eek!" yelled Penny. She threw back her head and raised her feet, bending her legs upwards as she did so. She gyrated on the Captain's increasing hardness and it seemed to give her some comfort.

Penny panted. Sue and Sally were rooted to the spot. Linda's nostrils flared, her sizeable bosom heaved up and down.

"This is a lesson for all of you!" growled Kurt. "When the Captain or the Mate gives an order, you will obey. Is that understood? All of you?"

Penny whimpered a "yes". Both Sue and Sally stayed dumb. Their dumbness lasted only until poor Penny's bottom bounced again. The blonde yelped and pressed herself harder into her tormentor's crotch.

"Yes!" chorussed the two girls.

"Good!" Kurt smiled. "As you will now see," he continued, "the Mate can also punish you!" He crooked a forefinger at the Mate and the dark-haired woman stepped forward and stood in front of him.

"Come here you two!" instructed Kurt.

Sue and Sally jumped to it.

"You!" boomed Kurt to the redhead. "Hold her wrists!" He turned to the brunette. "Hold her ankles!"

Penny trembled as her two shipmates did as they were told, kneeling on the cabin floor. The blonde's bottom was a perfect round target!

Linda removed one of her plimsolls and held it by the heel. She placed the thick-ribbed sole across the taut, expectant bottom that was imprisoned so firmly. Carefully she measured up the plimsoll, using the girl's cleft as the mid-way mark so that both cheeks would receive an equal dose of pain and discomfort.

The stricken blonde did not know what she was in for. All she knew was that her bottom was going to get smacked by Linda, and that the Captain's stiffness, pressing into her own pelvic region, was making her long for her last boyfriend.

Satisfied with her preparation, Linda raised the plimsoll as high as she could. The heavy rubber sped towards its target with ever increasing velocity. Anything in its way would get the full brunt of it. And, of course, Penny's bottom was the only thing in its path!

"Whup!"

"Yaaaaarrrrhhhhh!" Penny's ear-splitting scream resounded around the walls of the cabin. Her eyes filled with tears and her head shook violently from side to side. The two girls reluctantly assisting the Mate, held on to her fighting body like grim death. They knew they had to . . . Or else! Penny's scorched backside humped up and down in a frantic effort to obtain some relief from the stinging hurt it was experiencing for the very first time.

Penny did not see Linda replacing her plimsoll. She could not see anything out of her tear-flooded eyes. She knew she was wailing and she felt ashamed at having had such an exhibition made of her.

"I will be lenient this time," Penny heard the Captain say. "I am not a cruel man but I *am* a stickler for discipline. I hope that point has got home to you!"

"Yes Captain." Three voices replied as one.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Now, you may all go to your cabin. The Mate will take the first watch."

. . . . .

It seemed a long time ago, but it wasn't really. Penny appraised the

German as he floated on his back just a few yards from where she was lazing. She liked his body. Mentally removing his trunks, she liked it even more! Being beaten across his lap had had its compensations!

tongue. Her bottom had not forgotten its beating. The blonde girl got to her feet and went down the narrow companionway into the cabin.

Sue turned towards her. She was topless and her breasts bobbled

. . . Sue turned towards her. She was topless and her breasts bobbled and shook as she moved . . .

Penny finished her drink and set it down on the spotless deck. Everything about the ship was spotless. Kurt sailed it, but the girls cleaned it. The brass fittings gleamed like gold, the woodwork was highly polished and anyone could eat a meal off any of the decks. The only area of complaint was the girls' own cabin. It was not kept as tidy as the Captain liked and the girl crew had been remonstrated with on several occasions. Fortunately for them the strict Captain had not seen fit to enforce further discipline after Penny's taste of his hand that first evening.

Linda kept herself apart from the other girls. It did not worry them, although they *were* all a teeny bit jealous that she was receiving the Captain's favours – and vice versa. All three of the ordinary crew members were quite willing to do their share!

Penny dozed off. How long for, she did not know. Linda woke her up by shaking her shoulders. When she opened her eyes, she saw that the Mate was dressed in a uniform consisting of a white shirt and white trousers. Her ample bosom was placing much strain on the buttons of the crisp, white shirt and Penny half-expected them to pop off at any moment. Her generous thighs filled out the tops of her trousers and revealed the lines of the mini-briefs beneath.

"Wake up!" she shouted. "The Captain wants you to parade on deck in ten minutes. You are to wear the uniforms he gave you!"

and shook as she moved. Her blazing red nipples pointed at Penny. "What's all this about?" asked the pretty redhead.

Penny dropped the bottom of her bikini. "Search me." she shrugged.

Sue put her hand in the tangle of Penny's pubic hair. "What are we looking for?" she grinned.

The girls laughed and it served to release some of the tension.

Sally, a tall, sultry beauty adjusted her semi-transparent panties which revealed the wad of hairs beneath. "I don't like it," she frowned. "I think something nasty is going to happen."

All three girls trooped out on deck and lined up before Linda. They wore short blue skirts, white blouses and white ankle socks with blue plimsolls. The effect should have been pleasing to the male eye but the Captain seemed very displeased over something.

He paced the deck, his hands behind his back. "My patience is exhausted," he told them. "Time and again you have ignored my warnings! On my last inspection, there was cigarette ash on the floor, the blankets were not folded correctly and the drinking glasses had not been turned upside down!"

The girls looked at one another. Sally had been right after all.

Suddenly, Kurt snapped his fingers at Linda. "Bring me my discipline bag!"

Linda disappeared below deck and the girls wondered what was going to happen. 'Discipline?' . . . They hadn't liked the sound of *that.*

. . . "I don't think I can take it," whispered Sally, biting her lip . . .

"What does he want us for?" asked Penny, rubbing her eyes.

"Just do as you are told!" barked the Mate.

Penny was just about to tell her to visit a taxidermist, but she bit her

The mate re-appeared carrying a canvas holdall. She set it down at the Captain's feet and unzipped the top.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Captain. The big German reached inside. He straightened up, clutching a bundle of canes in his big hand.

Kurt selected a length of rattan and put the others back into the holdall. Linda returned the bag to his cabin. Whilst she was away Kurt walked the deck, swinging the rod so that it "whooshed" and "whirred" through the air.

"I don't think I can take it," whispered Sally, biting her lip.

"Neither do I" returned Sue.

"Let's do something about it," whispered Penny.

"Such as what?" sighed Sue.

"Refuse to be beaten. It's as simple as that," offered the blonde. She did not relish the prospect of that cane landing on her backside – Kurt's hand and Linda's plimsoll had been *more* than enough!

Linda re-appeared, eyes bright and bosom heaving at the prospect of three very trim bottoms getting a dose of the Captain's cane. She was also very much looking forward to taking over when Kurt's arm grew tired. She hoped personally it would be the blonde on the receiving end of her own strokes. There was something arrogant about her and she had not learned her lesson, despite that first night. Surely she would after *this* little lot!

"You!" Kurt pointed the end of the cane at Sue. "Come here!"

The redhead hesitated for a moment and then stepped slowly and tearfully towards the cane-brandishing Captain.

"Bend over and hold your ankles!" he ordered.

Slowly, the girl bent double, her short skirt riding up the backs of her thighs. The action exposed the taut half-moons of her buttocks and the stretched wedge of nylon holding her crotch.

Kurt flicked the edge of the skirt up over the girl's back and Linda moved position to obtain a perfect view of the chastisement.

"Do you think we'll get it on the bare?" asked Sally in a low whisper.

"It doesn't matter very much, does it?" hissed Penny in reply. "Our pants don't offer much by way of protection. Anyway, she pouted, "I don't see why we have to take this!"

Whilst the two girls had been having their whispered conversa-

tion, Kurt had been measuring up his victim. He rested the cane on the circumference of the offered bottom and raised the rod high.

Penny did not see it land. She had her eyes clamped shut. She did however hear it thud into the redhead's pantie-covered flesh and she heard the agonised yelp. Her eyes jerked open.

Kurt raised the cane again and without any delay he inflicted another cut.

"Yeek!" shrieked the girl. She was knocked off balance and stumbled forward.

"Keep still!" roared the Captain. "Or I shall get the Mate to hold you!"

Sue's bum-cheeks clenched in anticipation, causing the narrow back-strap of her wispy knickers to be sucked into the groove.

Penny felt the fury building up inside her as she witnessed her friend's ordeal. The leer on Linda's face made her even more angry, knowing that the Mate was thoroughly enjoying the spectacle. The blonde took a deep breath, striving to maintain her cool.

"Whap!"

The cane landed on un-knickered flesh. Another line showed up, deep scarlet against the paleness of the flesh.

"Ayee!" screeched Sue, sinking to the floor and groaning.

"Up!" ordered the Captain.

Poor, sobbing Sue did not move. The Captain motioned to Linda. The Mate clutched at the mop of red curls and pulled! Screeching worse than ever, Sue had no option but to be lifted up. As she rose, Linda jammed her head between

. . . Her knees sagged, but somehow she managed to keep hold of her ankles to maintain her punishment position . . .

Bare flesh now presented itself as a target and bare flesh was struck. The weal appeared instantly. The redhead let out a cry fit to startle a seagull. She jerked upright, her hands clutching at her tortured cheeks as she bounced up and down on the soles of her feet.

Linda, a black scowl on her quite pretty face, moved into action. "Get down!" she hissed as she roughly pushed Sue's head below her knees.

"Take your hands away!" roared Kurt, swinging the cane. Sue was not quick enough and the cane rapped her knuckles, causing her to yelp yet again.

"Oh my God!" groaned Sally. "We have all this to go through ourselves!"

"No, we don't!" hissed Penny. "We don't have to go through with this at all!"

"What can we do about it?" frowned Sally, already screwing up her eyes as the Captain launched himself into another swing.

Crack!

"Ohoohowowowowow!" wailed the stricken redhead. Her knees sagged, but somehow she managed to keep hold of her ankles to maintain her punishment position.

her powerful thighs. Sue's arms flailed wildly.

"Try and hold out!" begged Penny. She knew what she was going to do herself if this went on for much longer.

"What's happening now?" croaked Sally.

Linda was rolling down Sue's knicks. She did it carefully, and gradually both orbs were unveiled. The beauty of the specimens was marred by the thin red lines across both sides of the crease. Linda stopped when the rolled-down knickers were just at the thigh tops. The redhead's most intimate part was still a secret. But only *just*.

Sue's bottom wiggled a protest but to no avail. The Captain poked her buttocks with the tip of the cane as he delivered another lecture to the defaulter.

"You were told to keep still and to keep hold of your ankles!" thundered Kurt. "I will not have indiscipline on my ship!"

The cane was raised again and the watchers, Linda excepted, looked with dread at the instrument of pain.

"Whoosh! . . . Crack!"

Instead of arcing the rod to strike the centre of the unwilling globes, Kurt brought it straight down in a chopping action. It bit into the flesh, leaving a trail of searing hurt.

"Yarrooh!" shouted Penny. "That's enough! Come on Sally!" She tugged at her friend's arm. "We've had enough! We're getting off this boat!"

Neither the Captain nor the Mate could believe what was happening. They stared, open-mouthed as Penny pulled her somewhat unwilling partner across the deck.

"I've had enough!" shouted the blonde as she stood on the rail. "I'll send for my things!"

Motioning for Sally to follow her, she executed a perfect swallow dive and plunged into the water. Trembling with fear, Sally stood at the rail. "I can't swim!" she shouted after Penny.

The inaction of the Master and the Mate did not last for very long. They both knew what to do.

Penny struck out for the shore. It was a fairly long swim, but it was well within her capabilities. Her slender, golden arms did a perfect crawl and her feet fluttered up and down in the tiny waves. The shore came nearer and nearer. Once or twice she looked behind her. There was some kind of activity taking place on the deck, but from her low position in the water, she could not see what was going on. The German and the Mate were probably taking their revenge out on Sally's delicious bottom. Why hadn't she told her she couldn't swim?

Penny was tiring a little now and despite the fact that she was making good progress she was beginning to lose her rhythm. The shoreline was just a bit further away than she had thought.

Before long, however, she was almost there. The sunlight glittered on the wet ribbed sand and the seabirds skimmed the waves. She touched bottom and waded to the water's edge. Exhausted, she lay down to recover, lying on a carpet of sea shells which lay exposed in the sand.

When she had got her breath back, she began to think about what to do next. She turned to look back at the motor cruiser. What she saw made her scream at the top of her voice. The dinghy had been launched and with the sturdy Karl at the oars, it had made excellent

time. Kneeling in the prow was the Mate. Even from where she was, Penny could see the gleam in Linda's eyes – and she well knew the reason for the gleam! What had happened to Sue would be nothing compared to what she could expect.

Penny stood rooted to the spot before making a move. Even in that short time, her pursuers were yards closer. She turned quickly. Too quickly! Her feet had sunk into the soft sand and she twisted her ankle as she fell.

. . . "You're being kept here until your punishment tomorrow," she coldly informed the prisoner . . .

"No!" she cried as the dinghy closed on her. "God help me!"

Kurt shipped the oars as he jumped into the shallow water and waded to where she lay, prostrate and sobbing. "God will be the only one to help you!" he said grimly as he picked up her wet, young body and dumped her in the bottom of the dinghy.

"Put her in the brig!" roared the Captain as Linda got her back on board.

Sue, her eyes red with tears and a white-faced Sally, watched helplessly as the Mate frogmarched the limping, sodden Penny below deck.

The brig turned out to be little more than a locker where cleaning materials were stored. The door locked from the outside only and the porthole was too tiny for the blonde to climb through. She was trapped.

Penny found some towelling and she took off her wet uniform and rubbed her body dry. She heard a cry of distress and realised it was Sally crying out. There was a "crack" followed by a yelp and then the sound of crying. Now poor Sally was being caned by the Captain. It sounded absolutely terrible but Penny knew that, no matter how bad it was, it would be nothing compared with what *she* was going to get. She sat on the floor and put her hands over her ears to cut out the sounds of distress.

She expected to be hauled out immediately after the cane had cut its last slice into Sally's bouncing bottom. To her surprise, however, the engines were started up and the vessel began to move. Her spirits picked up a little. Perhaps solitary confinement was to be her only punishment for challenging the authority of the Master.

Some time later the door opened a few inches. Linda stood in the gap and thrust a kaftan and a blanket to her. She returned with some food and a drink.

"What's happening to me, please?" Penny asked politely. She thought it better to be polite to the Mate.

Linda folded her arms and gave her a smug smile. "You're being kept here until your punishment tomorrow," she coldly informed the prisoner.

Penny swallowed hard. "Tomorrow? Why not now?" she asked. "I want to get it over with." So she was to get her backside scorched after all.

"Because the Captain has something special lined up for you," grinned Linda. She went to close the door but stopped and spoke again. "You'd better get used to standing up or lying down. Your backside won't be in any fit state to sit down on tomorrow!" she laughed. She closed the door and turned the key in the lock.

Penny cried softly as the orb of the sun began to fall below the rim of the world. She looked out of the porthole. The black water, hit by the revolving beam of the lighthouse, looked deep and dangerous.

Snuggled in the blanket she fell asleep, aware of a series of bumps and manoevres as they berthed somewhere. Then the engines stopped and all was quiet.

When it was light, Penny looked out of the porthole. All she could see was the white hull of a vessel moored right alongside.

Linda gave her some coffee but said nothing to her. Not long afterwards, Penny knew by the increase of activity that the time for her punishment was drawing near. What was it Linda had said? The Captain had something special for her? What could it be? Whatever it was, her bottom was going to be sore. That was for certain!

Suddenly the door opened wide. Linda was in her full uniform. "Come on," she ordered, "You're going to get it now."

Heavy of heart and heavy of foot, Penny preceded Linda up the companionway to the sunshine of the deck.

She stopped in her tracks and gasped at the sight.

Only Kurt and the two girls were on the deck but all around was a collection of yachts and cruisers with their crews and passengers occupying all the vantage points. It was as if she was about to step onto the stage in a theatre. She knew she was going to be the star attraction!

Her mouth open, she gaped at the audience. There were young and old alike and judging by the flags fluttering at the stern of each vessel, there were all kinds of nationalities represented. There were several wolf-whistles and catcalls.

Linda pushed her towards the Captain. He stood, legs apart, a knobbly cane sprung between his two big hands. Penny stood, head bowed, before him – knowing that nothing could save her, and that her awful punishment was to be witnessed by all kinds of people gathered by Kurt for the occasion.

The thought then occurred to her that she was naked beneath the kaftan. She would have to ask Linda to get her a pair of knickers.

She expected a lecture from Kurt but the Captain was brief. "You are being punished for mutiny," he declared in his heavily-accented English. "Your punishment will be public to further your humiliation."

Penny raised her head and licked her dry lips. Her hair shone in the sunlight with the lustre of fine gold. "How many strokes, Captain?" she asked, a tremor in her voice.

"I have not decided," he informed her. "Now, turn around and remove your kaftan!"

Penny gave an embarrassed smile. "I've nothing on underneath," she told him softly.

"I know," he retorted. "Take it *off!*"

"But . . . but . . . all these people" she protested, looking around in alarm. Her throat was dry with

anxiety.

"It is part of your humiliation," she was informed. "Turn around and present your naked body to the witnesses!"

Penny dropped her head, turned around and, with her eyes closed, she pulled the garment up over her head and offered her body for inspection.

Her body was like caramel. Two white bands across her breasts and crotch showed where her flesh had been denied the sun. Proudly she thrust forward her firm, tip-tilted breasts. Her tiny pink nipples were erect.

Slowly, Penny opened her large, long-lashed eyes. Binoculars and telescopes were focussed upon her. Reflex cameras clicked. Movie cameras whirred. There was a delicious trickle of excitement in her love pit at the thought of all those eyes focussing upon the junction of her well moulded legs. She was nonchalently aware that her crisp, golden brown pubic hair was catching the sun's rays enchantingly.

"Turn around! Bend over and grasp your ankles!" commanded the Captain.

. . . Although prepared mentally, the physical pain cut through all her defences and she yelled out at the top of her lungs . . .

She did as she was told, the pink of a protruding clitoris peeping through the thick hair of her thighs. This resulted in a further "click, click" of camera shutters and "oohs" and "aahs" from an appreciative audience.

Her bum stuck out, Penny felt the cane being held against her flesh whilst the Captain adjusted his stance. The cane was removed and she waited for the onslaught to begin.

The cane whistled down and slashed across the curvaceous bottom. Penny emitted a loud "humph". God! It was even worse than she had expected. How many would she be able to take? Was the first one the worst one, or did they worsen progressively as they went on?

These thoughts flashed through her mind as she waited for the next cut.

"Crack!"

"Youch!"

The cane bit into the rich moons. Tears came to her eyes. She clutched at her ankles until the skin showed white through the knuckles. It was, undoubtedly, going to get progressively worse.

"Yeek!" she screeched as Kurt struck again. Penny felt herself giving way at the knees and she fought to maintain her stance. Her tight bottom squirmed convulsively.

The telephoto lenses of the cameras faithfully recorded the red weals on the lovely derriere. Linda made a mental note to ask some of the photographers for copies of their prints. This was already the best hiding that she had ever seen.

It felt to Penny that her bottom had been scorched with a flame. When she had been punished over the Captain's lap she had been aware of the effect on the big German. Was he being affected the same way, now? Penny was aware of a scorching tingle in her groove.

She braced herself for the next slice. She locked her knees and clenched her bum cheeks. Although prepared mentally, the physical pain cut through all her defences and she yelled out at the top of her lungs. Fighting against a desire to jump up and down and to rub her hands over her battered bum, she still held her ankles. The flaming orbs of her bottom waited for the next dose . . .

The cane was no longer a thin wand – it was a searing firebrand. The next one hurt her so much she knew she would be hoarse from shouting out. Her breathing was now just a series of gasps and two rivers of tears ran down her features.

Through her pain, she heard Kurt mutter to Linda. "The vixen is standing up to it very well."

"Thwack!"

"No . . oh . . oh!" she moaned. Her head was swimming but some strong inner-will made her keep hold of her ankles. Her bottom, now a mass of fiery, criss-crossing weals still presented itself as a target.

Every pair of eyes feasted on the petulant twisting of Penny's seared bottom. Even Sue and Sally, recently beaten themselves, were intoxicated by the spectacle of the beautiful, naked girl soaking up so much punishment.

"Swish!"

"Crack!"

"Yeech!" Penny's vocal reaction to the sharp infliction of more pain was not as loud as her previous cries. She rocked slightly from side to side, but grimly she offered her tormented buttocks for the continuing pleasure of the Captain.

Kurt's arm was becoming tired now and his aim was not quite what it was. He laid the cane across the quivering cheeks and the thigh tops. This opened up a whole new area of hurt for the distressed girl.

Penny knew that just one more stroke would cause her to crumble to the floor. She could hardly believe her ears when she heard the big German say: "Get up now."

She had to be helped up by both Kurt and Linda. The slightest movement of her bum muscles sent shock-waves of pain coursing through her body. She was aware that she was very wet down below.

Kurt supported her beautiful, disciplined body. "Your behaviour was impeccable," he complimented her.

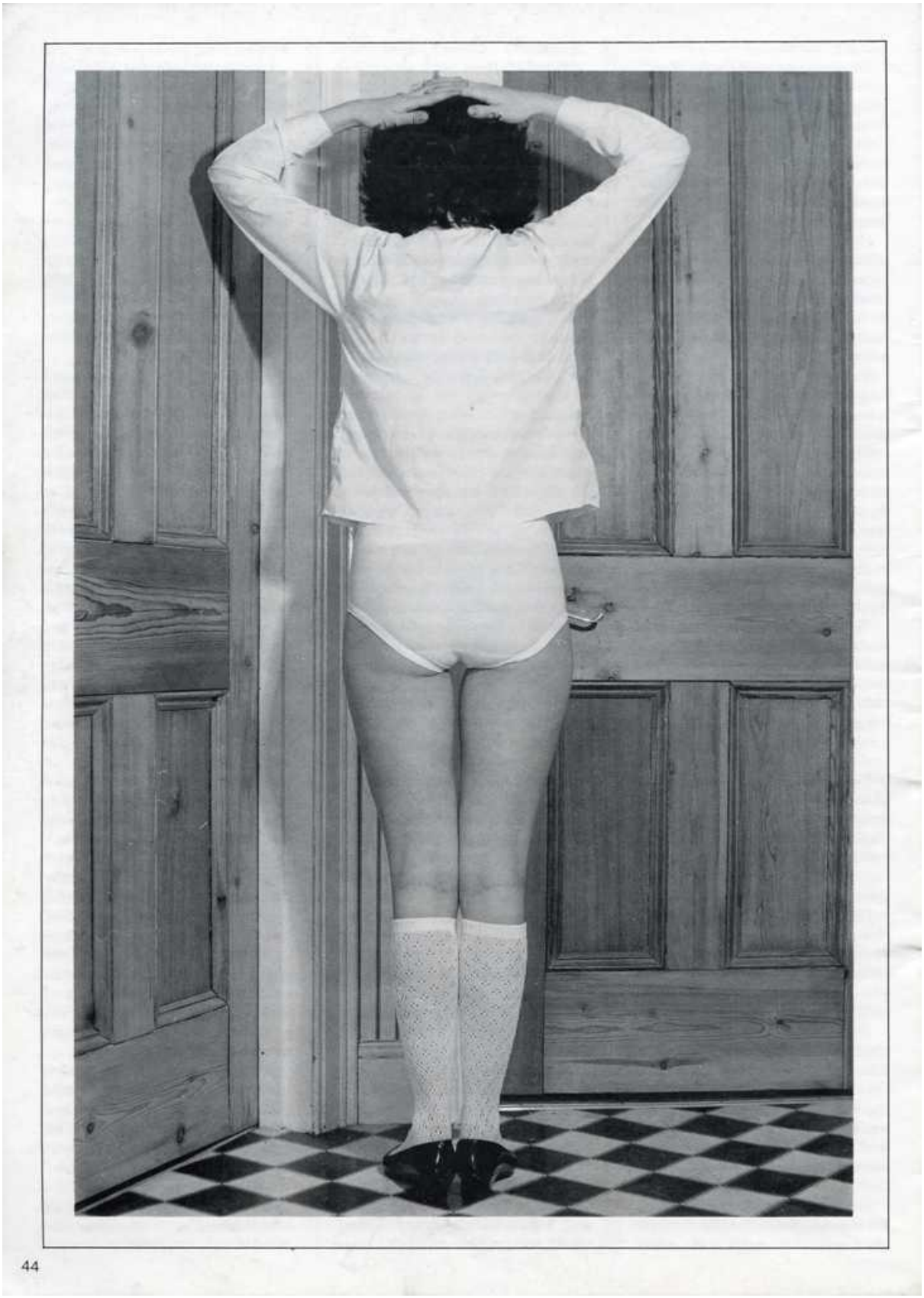
"Thank you Captain, sir," she croaked with a faint smile.

"Go now." he ordered her. "Your friends will tend to your wounds."

Several weeks later, with Penny's ravaged buttocks now bearing no trace of her ordeal, the vessel nosed its way up the river Beaulieu towards its berth at Lymington. Sue and Sally held the fenders over the side whilst Penny expertly coiled a mooring rope.

"I expect you'll be glad to leave after what you went through," remarked Sue.

"Well . . . actually," began Penny, smiling a little, "Linda can't make the next trip . . . so the Captain has asked me to join him as Mate for the voyage. I have to admit . . . and I know it's rather naughty of me," she added, her face reddening, ". . . but I'm sort of looking forward to being his mate . . . with all that that entails . . ."



Letters

The Editor invites readers to put pen to paper and send in their own experiences in the field of CP. We never disclose names and addresses; anonymity is maintained at all times. Why not drop us a line? The address is on page 3. Go on — you must have something to tell us; if not an experience, then a comment or criticism. The following pages carry a sample of letters received at our offices, for which the Editor says a big 'thankyou' to those kind enough to contribute to *Roué*.

A PEEPER'S REWARD

Dear Sir,

May I offer for publication in your fine magazine the following? I suppose your office receives many letters from your readers. Everyone must have at least one CP experience — whether it be as onlooker, the one administering, or the one unlucky enough to be on the receiving end. All of your readers must, at some time in their lives, have had a CP experience, so your staff are probably overwhelmed with letters. In the hope that my effort won't cause too much extra work for your, doubtless, overworked staff, I ask you to take the time to read the following account of my latest CP experience, which took place while I was holidaying with my girlfriend in Dorset last summer. I hasten to add that my girlfriend is not into CP unfortunately, and our sexual relationship is of a very normal, run-of-the-mill type. Still, there is hope for me yet, and I am working on it. Until such time as she agrees to be put over my lap for a spanking or bends for the slipper, strap or cane (very unlikely!) I can just satisfy my needs by Reading *Roué* and witnessing the occasional spanking, etc whenever I am lucky enough to get the opportunity. This was quite easy in the past, as I was brought up by my aunt who had two daughters. Alice and Barbara, my cousins, were forever in trouble with their mum, and I witnessed them get many a whacking until they were in their late-teens and I moved out of the area. Nowadays, alas, such events are rare indeed, but do crop-up every now and then. The following story is a true account of an event last August — I stress this because you probably receive a few dubious sounding tales which bear litttle credibility. This one is true, believe me.

It was the third day of our stay at a hotel on the Dorset coast. Jenny, my partner, left the hotel after breakfast to go into the neighbouring town centre for a spot of shopping. I had decided to take a stroll and left the dining room to change into my training shoes. To get to my room I had to pass the reception, behind which was the owner's accommodation. The door was slightly open and I heard an argument going on between her, Mrs B, and her daughter, Catherine. I looked around to find the reception area deserted — Jenny and I were the last ones down to breakfast, and all the others had long since left for the day.

I opened the flap on the counter and peeped through the half-open door. Mrs B was seated with her back to me and over her lap was her daughter. Catherine's head was on her left-hand side and her feet were touching the floor on the right as I looked. On display to me was the girl's plump bottom attired in a pair of black knickers. After a few seconds Mrs B's hand was raised and fell onto the seat of Catherine's pants. She gave her daughter fourteen smacks and Catherine wriggled frantically throughout, wailing and pleading for mercy.

When she had finished she helped Catherine up and I made my escape. I might not have had a perfect view of the incident, but a poor view is better than no view at all.

I may write again to tell you of my cousins' whackings. Meanwhile, good luck to you and your staff with what is in my opinion the best school and domestic CP journal around.

William (Portsmouth)

THE 'GOOD OLD DAYS'

Dear Sir,

Being one of your older readers I am particularly interested to read accounts of CP experiences around the end of the thirties and the beginning of the forties. This was the time when I was a youth and received many thrashings from both mother and father and an aunt with who I stayed when we were evacuated from London.

I very much enjoyed the letter "Wartime Beating" from C.A.B. of London in your issue number 27 as it brought back memories of a thrashing I witnessed (unfortunately for C.A.B. he only heard the whacking) whilst at my aunt's.

The event took place one Friday evening about three weeks after my mother and I had moved down there. I had a cousin, Emily, who, after our feast of fish and chips (my aunt's place was near the coast and fresh fish was in abundance) went into a tantrum over the washing of the dishes. Emily was given to such tantrums, and usually got a clip round the ear from her mother. This time, though, she really flew and, although it was unintentional, knocked over a family portrait and smashed the glass.

The atmosphere changed immediately. My aunt picked up the broken glass and Emily just stood there in silence, realising what she had done and what would be the outcome of her childish fit.

My aunt went off into the scullery

to dispose of the glass and my mother told the girl that she was "for it now". Within seconds my aunt returned and apologised to mother and me. She then told Emily to "go and fetch it", and Emily pleaded with tears in her eyes with her mother. My aunt just crossed her arms in front of her and Emily left the room amid much cursing of her luck. Her mother called out to her that she would get one extra for her cheek.

Emily returned with the cane. She handed it ruefully to her mother and stood still in front of her. My aunt said "You know what to do", adding something like ". . . you should do by now, girl", and Emily turned her back on us and started to disrobe.

She unbuttoned her frock and it fell to the floor, then she took the straps of her underskirt off her shoulders and let that fall also. She bent to pick them up and her mother held out her hand to take the garments from her. For the first time in my young life I was laying eyes on a semi-naked young woman (Emily was eighteen at the time).

She looked at her mother as if for guidance and received a nod. Turning away from us again, she crossed her arms and lifted her vest up and took it off over her head. On view to me now was her bare back, a pair of baggy, white bloomers and a pair of black, woollen stockings that came up to mid-thigh. Her mother told her to get a move-on, and she took down the stockings, stepping out of them and handing them to her mother. Her next move was to take her bloomers down. She stepped out of these and her mother took them from her.

Emily stood with her back to me, totally naked. Her lovely round bottom looked quite the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

She was ordered to turn around, and I saw for the first time a pair of breasts. They were huge — at least that is what I remember of them — and swung like pendulums as she moved. She was told to stand over by the wall, put her hands on her head and keep absolutely still.

When in this position, my aunt took up a position behind her and swung the cane down and across Emily's bare bottom. I recall thinking at the time that it would damage her bottom for good. Her buttocks looked so perfect, the idea of them being marked by a cane seemed outrageous.

Emily kept still throughout the seven strokes her mother gave her. I had a side-on view of the proceedings. I couldn't see much of her bottom, but had to be satisfied (and 'satisfied' I was!) with a view of her face screwing-up at each stroke and her big breasts swinging when the cane made contact.

Let us please have more letters about this period. I am sure I am not the only reader of Roué in his sixties!

N.P. (Caversham)

SWISHES IN THE SIXTIES

Dear Sir,

I was brought up in the fifties to early-sixties in the West Riding of Yorkshire. My father worked as a farm manager, my mother as dairymaid and general help. I was an only child.

Life in those days was tough — far tougher, I reckon, than most kids nowadays would believe. The way that I and other kids of that time were reared, though, was not considered unusual in the least. Looking back on it through the eyes of someone who is in her late-thirties, aware of how the world has changed, it all seems very odd. At the time, though, I never gave it another thought. Kids were dealt with strictly. They knew the rules, knew what they could get away with, and if they over-stepped the mark they knew only too well what would happen to them.

Every kid I knew got whacked at home — some more severely than others, of course — but they all got it. At my senior school the strap was used on the hands and the cane across the bottom for more serious infringements from the Headmaster. My parents used to spank me for minor faults, slipper me for middling misdeeds and cane me for really bad behaviour. It seems in retrospect that I was forever on the wrong end of a hiding of one sort or another, and I suppose they did *occur pretty frequently.*

My friends got all sorts of hidings at home. Angela, my closest chum, used to get her father's army belt across her bare bum. Others got punished in a variety of ways. One girl (I can't recall her name) used to get the birch at home. A boy down the lane called Eric got the riding-crop from his mother who belonged to the local Hunt. Almost every kid I knew used to tell of their respective punishments. It was almost as if they were bragging. You would hear things like: 'My dad gave me eight with the strap last night' from one, and another would say: 'That's nothing. Mum swished me with the cane ten times . . . and *on the bare!'*

I'm sure that if there were *kids who* didn't *get whacked they would tell everyone that they did simply to be accepted. It was, I suppose, like a little secret society. I know for a fact that those who didn't get the cane from the Headmaster at school were looked upon as goody-goodys, and didn't gain the sort of respect from the others that was afforded those who visited 'sir' for a thrashing frequently.*

Kids who made a fuss during a classroom hand strapping were called cry-babies, and taunted in the playground. To take your whacking well was a sign that you were tough, and if you didn't take your hand away, didn't cry, you were thought highly of by your mates.

Quite often, when a kid got to school in the morning and told his or her chums that he or she had had a hiding from their parents the previous night the kid in question would be made to show their marks in the loos. You couldn't refuse, as this would make them think you had made it all up. It was quite a good feeling showing your marks to your mates; hearing their reactions upon seeing the effects of your whacking. 'Wow! Bet that hurt,' they'd say or: 'Did you have it on the bare?' — that sort of thing. I used to feel quite proud displaying my punished bum, and answered their questions with relish. 'Yeah, it was on the bare'; 'No — of course I didn't cry'; 'I stayed down throughout.' I used to even exaggerate on the number of whacks sometimes, and am sure a lot of the other kids did.

I was sixteen, and in my last year at school, before I got my first Headmaster's whacking. I swore at one of the teachers, Miss Branston (you could say it got me in something of a pickle! . . . Sorry). She took her strap out of her desk and then changed her mind, telling me to report to the Head. I know if a kid nowadays swears at a teacher the worst he or she is likely to get is detention. Things, my friends, were very different in those days I can tell you. It was the January of 1962 — the time of the launching on an unsuspecting world of a group called the Beatles, the

time of the smallpox breakout. Things, culturally and otherwise, were undergoing a change in the world. Kids, though, still got whacked — that particular change had, alas, not taken place and wouldn't for some years to come.

I got to the Head's study and received a very short and to the point lecture as to the use of swear-words. Then he told me to take off my blazer and bend over to touch my toes. It was all very matter-of-fact; a straightforward instruction followed by immediate compliance.

I bent as ordered. I heard a rattle behind me and guessed that he was selecting the cane to be used. My skirt was lifted onto my back and my knickers were pulled up tight. He tapped my bum with the tip of the cane and I shuddered. Then it began. He gave me five strokes. It wasn't too bad. As I have said, my dad used the cane on me at home, so I was quite used to it. Dad also, more often than not, swished me on the bare.

When it was over he told me to put my blazer back on and dismissed me. I went to the loo (I badly needed a wee) and then returned to my class. Quite frankly it had been a bit of an anti-climax. The thought of having to one day visit the Head for the cane hung over every kid at the school and when it finally happened to me it didn't seem as bad as I had expected it would be. Of course, kids who didn't get the stick at home probably found it a lot more severe.

The year of 1962, although a good one for the Beatles, was not a particularly good one for me. For some reason the amount of whackings I got increased by quite a bit. Whether this was simply due to the fact that I was less well behaved or whether it was down to the fact that my parents thought that, as a sixteen-year-old, and with the world changing the way it was — the advent of the term juvenile delinquents, the swinging sixties, etc — I should be watched more carefully should I fall in with the wrong company, I really can't say. What I do *know, however, is that mum and dad's extra strictness* did *steer me along the right road. I didn't fall in with the wrong sort of company, didn't take to drugs as so many kids of that time did, didn't go in for the hippy lifestyle. I grew into a respectable young woman, and now hold quite a high position in a large and well-known catering firm.*

All this says a lot for the way I was handled at home and at school. As someone who underwent frequent chastisement which was both painful and humiliating, I can state quite frankly that I fully believe in corporal punishment for delinquent kids, and, should I ever have any of my own (although that looks doubtful), I will ensure that they are chastised hard and often as I was.

A C.P. Advocate (Berks)

GIVEN THE LEAD

Dear Sir,

Most people who received corporal punishment from their parents, I would imagine, underwent such treatment throughout their upbringing. For me, though, it was very different. *My* parents very rarely resorted to such methods. I suppose this was (even though I say it myself) because I was well-behaved as a youngster. I never got into trouble at school, and at home rarely did anything that called for a whacking. Shortly after my sixteenth birthday, however, I got into a spot of trouble that changed my mum and dad's views on my upbringing completely. I won't divulge exactly what it was that I did that was so terrible, just suffice it to say that it was pretty bad, and I nearly ended up in a remand home. Were it not for my dad's assurance that I would be severely punished by him, and that I would be watched very carefully in the future I would almost certainly have been sent away somewhere awful.

When mum, dad and I returned home from the Court — after a completely silent bus journey, with me feeling a mixture of relief and worry — dad told me to go to my room. When there, I listened through the floor at the conversation downstairs. I recall both of them saying things like: 'severely punished' and 'good hiding' (I couldn't make out a lot of what was being said — but it was obvious that they both agreed that I should be punished). The talking stopped and, thinking that they might be coming up to see me, I got up from the floor and sat down on my bed.

Sure enough, seconds later, my parents appeared in the door-way of my room. They came in, mum sat down on the dressing-table stool while dad strode around the room. They both lectured me — when one had finished a few words the other took over — and I just sat there, dumbly listening to them.

Then my mum announced that, as they had assured the people at the Court, I would have to be punished. There was no point in objecting. When either of them had made their minds up on anything, that was that; there was no going back. I knew I'd be whacked, anyway, so at this point I just wanted to get it over with.

I sat there wondering what they had in mind. Then, to answer my unspoken question, mum told me that I was to get a strapping. I'd only had a strapping once before, and the actual implement used wasn't so much a strap but a dog-leash — a thin strip of leather that, on that occasion, was doubled-over so that it formed two lengths of leather curved at the business end; the buckle ends held in my dad's hand.

This, it turned out, was to be the instrument to be used this time also. My mum left the room and came back with it. She handed it to dad, who doubled it over and stood there with it in his hand.

Mum told me to get undressed and into my pyjamas. I felt awful having to strip in front of them, and turned my back when I could. I had just taken my bra off and was putting on my pyjama jacket when dad told me not to bother with the trousers. I took my knickers down and stood there in just pyjama jacket, with my hands crossed in front of me.

Dad told me to lay face-downwards on my bed and, when I had done so, mum raised the hem of the jacket so that it was completely clear of my bum. Dad stood menacingly to my left side, held the leash up high in the air and then brought it down with a terrifying swish.

It landed on my bare bum and I cried out in agony. He gave me twelve lashes from as high as he could, and with something that must have been near his full strength.

My poor bum was criss-crossed with weals for over a week (some marks lasted for nearly a fortnight). That was to be the first of many thrashings they gave me until I left home at the age of nineteen-and-a-half. A new regime had begun. I'll write again if you publish this to tell

you about some more of my whackings.

Best wishes with the best CP mag available.

Sonia (Wrexham)

OFFICE FANTASY

Dear Sir,

I wonder if I might dare propose that you publish the following in a future issue of *Roué*. It is not by way of crawling when I say that your publication is, in my opinion, by far and away the best available on the subject of CP. I have read them all — Continental, American and British — and have come to the conclusion that *Roué's* treatment of this fascinating side of life is the very best. You are not pretentious (like some of the CP magazines) and you treat your readership with a respect not often seen in the world of adult publications. Anyway, enough of this. You'll all be getting far too big-headed.

The chief reason for my writing to you is to tell you of my fantasies. I am sure all your readers have them — of one type or another. Mind surround my secretary, Kaye.

Kaye is 21 and has worked for me for two years. She is tall, has long, dark-brown hair, largish boobs and a magnificent backside — the centrepoint of my fantasising.

I fantasise that Kaye has done something terribly wrong at work (like stealing from the petty-cash box) and pleads with me not to report her. I offer her a spanking and she accepts.

First, I bend her over my desk and slap the seat of her skin-tight and worn-at-the-bottom jeans, then I tell her to take these off and put her across my knee for a sound spanking on the seat of her tight knickers. I then tell her to get up and I instruct her to take her knickers off. I then bend her over the desk again, get out my ruler and whack her sore, pink bottom on the bare.

Maybe one day I'll get my chance to carry out my fantasies, but until that wonderful day I shall always dream of it, and imagine your lovely, young models as my Kaye, being given a stinging bottom.

J. H. (Basildon)

A CARING FATHER'S PUNISHMENTS

Dear Sir,

It would appear to me that too often people confuse the use of corporal punishment with cruelty — both physical and mental. Without a doubt cruelty has been inflicted in the name of CP down the ages. Victorian times in particular gave would-be sadistic schoolmasters and mistresses opportunities galore to vent their sexual frustrations by thrashing their charges. Many a maid-servant had to bare her backside — or strip naked — for punishment, when it is obvious that a lot of these so-called 'punishments' were nothing more than a means to an end; a way of getting the poor, oppressed employee in a state of undress merely to allow her employer the opportunity of seeing her so, of fondling her and, eventually thrashing her. But, while there cannot be much doubt that all this was fact, it must not be forgotten that CP, for the most part, was — and is — administered for the best possible reasons; as punishment and nothing else.

My father — a former high-ranking army officer — was always very much a believer in the use of corporal punishment. He was a strict disciplinarian who stood for no nonsense from my two sisters and myself. We respected him, loved him and at no time considered him to be in the least sadistic or cruel. Now — eleven years after his death — Barbara, Mary (my sisters) and myself think of him as a loving, caring parent who thrashed us when he felt we deserved it. This type of upbringing put us all on the 'straight and narrow', and we have all of us grown up to be respectable, caring adults.

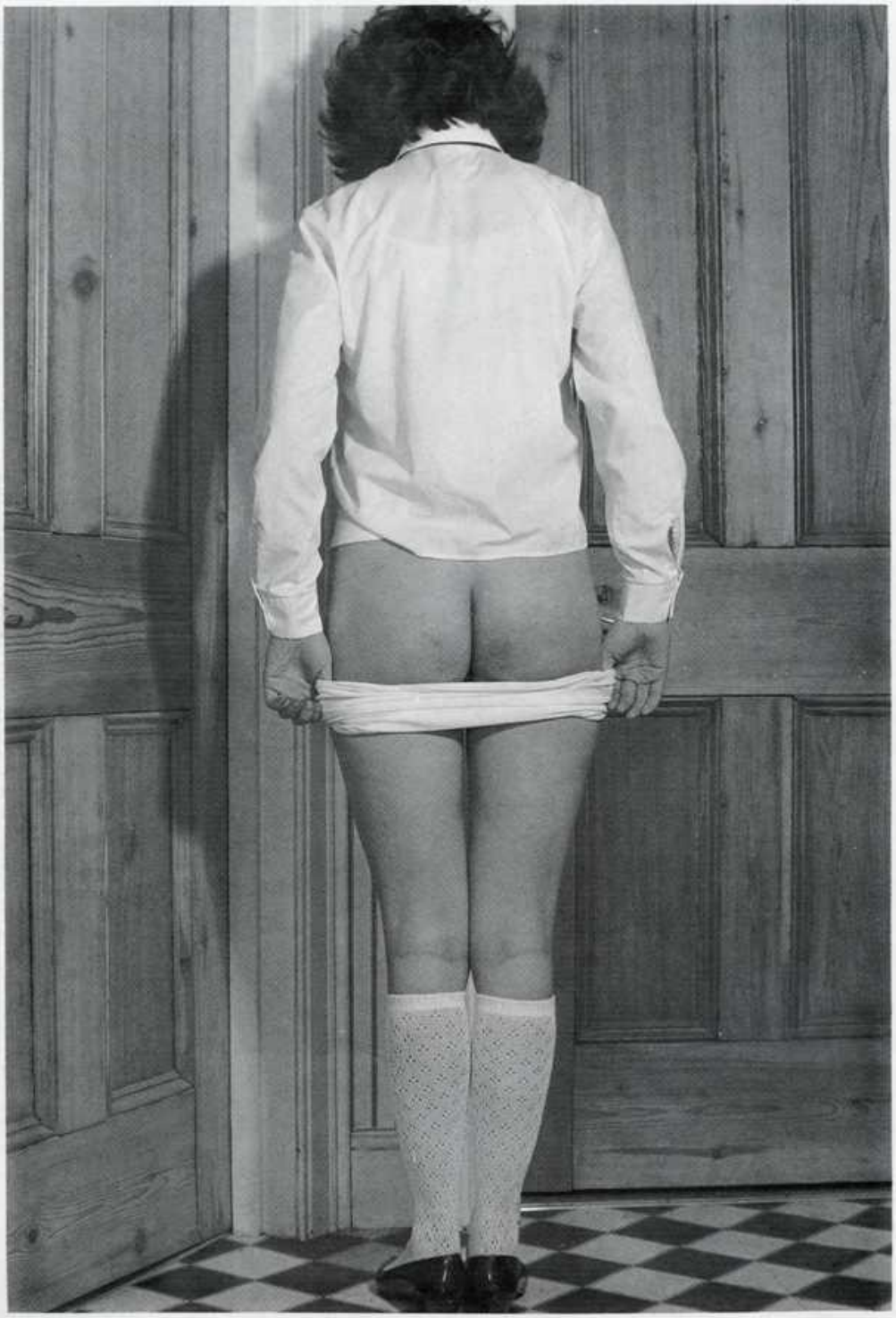
Upon the death of our mother — when we were all in our late-teens — father (by this time retired from the forces) realised that he would have his hands full with the three of us. A lot of the more trifling misdemeanours were dealt with by mother, with the more serious wrong-doings dealt with by him. Now, though, he had to deal with every single act of naughtiness — trifling and serious. Because of this he gave up his part-time job at a local garden nursery so that he could be on hand to watch over us. And watch over us he did. Like a hawk! Any disobedience was punished immediately and severely. We couldn't get away with half the things mum used to let go.

One day shortly after mother's funeral (it was a Sunday, and we had just had lunch) Mary (then seventeen) was rude to father. He told Barbara and myself to finish the washing-up, instructing poor Mary to go into the study and wait. When Babs and I had completed our chore dad told us to go into the study and wait with Mary. For a moment I thought (as did Babs, she confessed to me later) that we were all going to get it.

The three of us waited in silence. Mary was ashen, terrified of what was to come. After a few minutes father came in and shut the door. He gave Mary a lecture and then went to his writing-desk. He took out of the top drawer a cane. Never before had he used this on one of the girls; I had had it twice before, though. He told Mary to bend and touch her toes, flipped up her skirt at the back and gave her six strokes on the seat of her knickers. She cried throughout, and her face was a mess afterwards.

There were many, many such incidents in the years that followed, though one in particular sticks in my mind and, let me tell you, the minds of both my sisters as well. It took place over a year after the above incident. I was then seventeen, Mary was 18½ and Barbara almost twenty. We were all three in trouble for stealing from a shop in the neighbourhood. I won't go into the sordid details here, but all I will say is that there was no doubt in anyone's minds that we were guilty. Father marched us home the two-and-a-half miles in silence. We knew we were really in for it. We had never been punished for anything so serious, and it was obvious that we would pay dearly for our sins.

When home, father told us all to wait in the study for him. The waiting was awful; knowing the sort of thing that was to follow; knowing it would be both painful and humiliating.



The door opened and father strode in, slamming and locking the study door behind him. He looked at us all sternly. There was no lecture; there was no need for one. We had been caught red-handed stealing from a shop and that was that. We all knew we had done wrong, and we all knew we deserved to be punished.

Father went to the bureau and took out the cane. He then told Mary to strip down to her underclothes. Without delay, Mary complied. She stood before us in her vest and pants in seconds flat. Father bent her over, told her to grasp her ankles and then gave her eight cuts with the cane on the seat of her white cotton knickers. She was then told to stand over by one of the walls.

As the next oldest it was my turn next. Father, cane in hand, told me to strip to my vest and pants. When suitably attired he made me bend as Mary had done and proceeded to give me ten strokes on the seat of my underpants. It stung like hell — as it always did — and then I was told to stand alongside Mary.

The person I felt most sorry for was Babs. Not only — as the eldest — did she have to wait until last, but she had never had the cane before. She dreaded it. She was forever asking me how bad it was. She was, unfortunately for her, about to have first hand knowledge of its stinging abilities.

Father told her to strip down to the bare. She hesitated. Father had had her bare for punishment a few times in the past, but never with me present. After a slight pause she began her disrobing, until she stood shivering in the alltogether. I had never before seen a female naked — save for pictures — and the sight of Bab's nude body was something of a revelation for me. When she bent over as ordered her large tits hung down, pointing at the floor. Her bare bottom gave my father quite a large target to aim at.

Babs got twelve strokes plus one extra for moving during the punishment. Her bum was a right state by the time father had finished. We were all told to dress and go to our rooms, and that was that. Nothing more was said on the subject. Nothing more needed to be said. We had the marks on our bottoms as reminders for quite a while afterwards.

There will no doubt be some people who will look at the above as a case of a cruel and sadistic — not to mention perverted — man getting his kicks from whacking his kids. This — and both Mary and Babs will back me up — is nonsense. Father acted in the way he saw fit, and all three of us benefitted from his actions.

Tom J. (Willenhall).

MAIDEN OVER (THE KNEE)

Dear Sir,

The advent of Summer — and with it the Cricket season — brings to mind an event which took place eight years ago. Anyone who was lucky enough to be in Britain during the Summer of '76 will well remember the heat-wave of that year. The event about which I am going to tell occurred on one of the hottest days of that Summer. It was a Sunday and I was playing Cricket for my local side. The temperature that day, I recall, got up into the low-nineties. I also recall that we lost by eight wickets but, as I am about to relate, the day had its compensations.

Having had a disasterous day in the field (we dropped seven catches — three of them down to yours truly) we went in to tea, the opposition having notched up the huge total of 236 for the loss of only one wicket. Following the usual refreshments, I and one of my team-mates strolled off for a bit of practice in the nets.

About three or four yards away from where I stood was Bob, our captain, and his daughter, Yvonne (a pretty sixteen-year-old, dressed in a pale-blue Summer frock and little else). Bob was giving the girl quite a telling-off and the conversation ended with him informing her that after the match he would "deal with you, young lady". I had no idea as to what Yvonne had done, but it was more than obvious that whatever it was had r.ot pleased her beleagured father.

We began our innings and I (batting third) was in after only four balls. Two balls later I was back in the changing rooms having failed to score. Bob could hardly have a go at me for he batted at number two, and had, himself, been dismissed for a 'duck'.

The two of us sat in silence in the changing rooms, showered, dressed and left to have a look at how badly our side were doing. Yvonne — whatever she had done to get on her father's wrong side — had most definitely chosen the wrong day on which to do it. After a mere twenty minutes we were 12 for 4, and Bob stormed off towards the car park. Looking up, I noticed young Yvonne sitting on the front passenger seat of Bob's car, and — realising that there could be some action afoot; that Bob was going to "deal" with his daughter — I sauntered over in that direction.

Yvonne was sitting with the car door open, listening to the radio. I stood with my back to the car park, near to the boundary of the pitch, pretending to be taking an interest in the game. I heard Bob tell his daughter to get out of the car and, when I casually turned around, I saw him dragging the girl off to the other side of the car park towards our second pitch.

I followed, going the long way round so as not to be noticed. Bob, still pulling on Yvonne's arm, walked across the plank over the ditch that separated the car park from the other pitch. I took another route and hid behind the bushes when on the other side. Apart from us three the place was deserted (our second team being away that day).

About twelve yards away, Bob sat down on a plain wooden bench and hauled Yvonne over his lap, amid much protesting from the well-developed young lady. Within seconds her short frock was half-way up her back and on view to me were her lovely long legs and bottom clad in a pair of very brief knickers.

The knickers were taken down to her knees as Yvonne fought hard to resist what was happening to her. There was a sort of inevitability about the proceedings. Bob was a well-built and very strong man, and it was quite plain that Yvonne's attempts to free herself would be utterly futile.

I crept through the bushes so that I was only five or so yards away from the spectacle. I wasn't going to miss this for the world, and made sure I had the best possible view under the circumstances.

Yvonne's bum was a treat; per-

fectly rounded and totally unblemished. Bob set about his task immediately. His strong right arm came down and his hand — which almost completely covered her bottom — smacked the pale cheeks with gusto. She squirmed and yelled, but (to his credit) Bob kept the smacks coming. It was a good three minutes before he released her, and she ran off (at the same time trying with some difficulty to pull her knickers back up).

Bob simply wiped the sweat from his brow and strode back to the grass as if nothing had happened. I never mentioned the event to anyone, in fact this is the first time I have taked or written about the incident in all those years.

I see a lot of young Yvonne at weekends when we are playing, and have frequently wondered how often she got whacked at home by her masterful father.

Our side managed to amass a total of 93 for 9, and our tail (cricketing parlance for the last batsmen in) were congratulated for their efforts. For me, though, there was only one tail I was interested in on that blisteringly hot Summer's day in '76 — and that belonged to our captain's daughter, Yvonne.

C.H. (Finchley).

AVUNCULAR SPANKING

Dear Sir,

I attended Secretarial College when I left school three years ago at the age of sixteen. I had been offered a post at a company of which an uncle of mine is Sales Director. The job would be mind, I was told, if I did well enough at the College. Basically, the idea of the College was to give me a suitable amount of experience so that when I joined the firm it wouldn't look too much like a case of that I hadn't been offered the post purely because one of the bosses happened to be my uncle. All I had to do — so my mother told me shortly before I began my six-month term at the College — was pick up what I could, keep my nose clean (her words) and I would be alright. As long as I left College with a fairly good typing speed, average shorthand and a general idea of the workings of a typical office (in other words, as long as I didn't give the impression of being an inexperienced idiot) the job was as good as mine.

With all this in mind I quite looked forward to the six months ahead of me. I was not unintelligent, and the prospect of half a year brushing-up on my typing and shorthand (I had taken both at school) seemed to me to be a bit of a doddle. As with many things in life, however, reality proved somewhat different.

I arrived home from College one afternoon to be told that my uncle wanted to see me. When I asked my mother why, she said that she thought it had something to do with my progress at the College; that he probably just wanted to see how I was getting on.

I went upstairs to shower and change. In my bedroom, I checked my diary, and was amazed to learn that I had been at the College nearly four months. Because of my mother's words as to what was expected of me, and because I was naturally quite a lazy person, I realised that the progress I had made was practically nil. My typing speed was no faster than when I had left school, my shorthand showed only a marginal improvement and, with my term at the College about to come to an end in a mere nine weeks, it was pretty obvious that I had to get my finger out.

The train journey to my uncle;s was a fairly anxious one. Of course, I could lie about my progress (or rather the lack of it) and simply tell him that I was doing okay; that in two months time I would be suitably trained for the post. What depressed me was the fact that the next nine weeks would have to spent studying a hell of a lot harder than I had to date. Still, I thought, it would be worth it; jobs were few and far between, and if I had to get my head down for a few weeks in order to land what, on the face of it, sounded like a rather cushy little number (a lot of my ex-school friends were either unemployed or had been forced to take awful, tedious factory work) then so be it.

Uncle Frank made some tea and we sat down in his living-room for what seemed would be a cosy little chat. He asked me how I was doing, and I replied that I was getting on fine, that my typing and shorthand speeds had improved substantially, and that I would be ready for the job at his company at the end of my term at the College. Throughout my reply he just sat there nodding, then, when I had finished, told me that one of the staff at the College just happened to be a close personal friend of his (he seemed to have friends everywhere in our community, and I suppose I should have guessed that he'd know someone at the College, for he, himself, had chosen it in preference to two other such establishments which were both a lot nearer to where I lived).

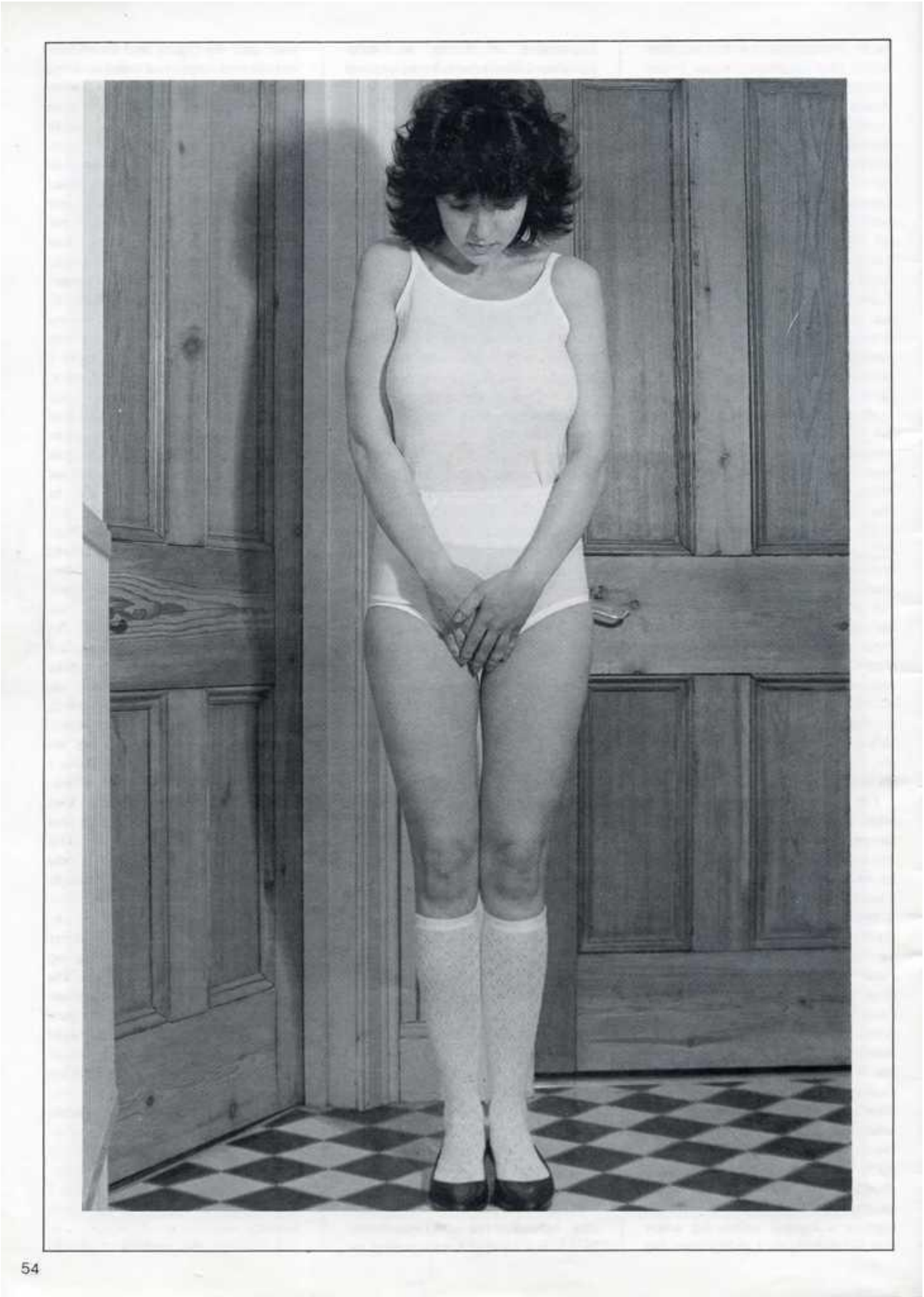
He went on to tell me what he had gleaned from his friend; that I had made little or no progress; that I was considered as lazy and at times rude to the staff. Although this sounded rather harsh at the time, it wasn't in fact far from the truth.

He said that, while the time I had spent at the College (at his expense) seemed to have been wasted, he was more troubled at my lying about my progress. He told me that to obtain the job at his firm I would have to study a lot harder than I had. I could only nod dumbly and then assure him — when he had finished his little lecture — that I would, indeed, try harder.

He smiled and got up from his chair, telling me that he was pleased that I had given him such an assurance, adding that, as long as I did study harder — a great deal harder — I would land the job. From being down on the floor my spirits had now risen high. They were, though, to be sunk again with his next statement.

He asked me what I thought my parents would say if all of this came out; if they learnt of my hitherto poor showing at the College and my lying to him about it. I thought for a while. On the first count they would have been a little upset, but no more than that. As regards my telling lies to my mother's favourite brother, the reaction would be one of shock. My parents were great ones for honesty — especially within the family — and they would be very disappointed in me if they learned that I had been at all insincere with Uncle Frank.

I told him this and asked him to



not let them know. There was a glint in his eye — a glint I shall never forget — when he asked me what they would do to me by way of punishment. The facts of the matter were that they would more than likely do nothing. Neither mother or father believed in smacking (and anyway, at sixteen, I felt the idea of them taking that particular course of action almost laughable) so I presumed that I would get a telling-off and nothing more. What worried me more was the fact that they would be disappointed in me, their only child, at having done such a thing. I was concerned more for what it would do to them than what it would do to me, and I told Uncle Frank this.

He told me that all that could be avoided if I were to settle for punishment at *his* hands. What could this mean? What was I to think? What I *did* think was that he probably wanted to send me on an errand or do some chores about the house — that was what my mother and father usually did my way of punishment.

I asked him what he meant, and he replied that he would give me "the spanking you deserve", and that that would be the end of the matter. My parents wouldn't know about the incident and the situation that brought it about, and I would be left to carry on with my education at the College in the hope that I would do better in the two months to come.

He left me to think it over and went out of the room. What he had proposed was — as strange as it was — far preferable to my parents knowing about all of what had happened. But to subject myself to a spanking from a man (although a member of my family) at the grown-up age of sixteen seemed awful. Funnily enough, it wasn't the pain that I was worried about (I'd only been spanked on two previous occasions, and neither of them hurt too much). What I *was* anxious about was how this spanking was to be carried out. The two previous spankings I had had involved a spot of undressing, and the thought of having to do this in front of my uncle quite turned my stomach. I had to go through with it, though. Something told me by the way he looked at me when making his weird suggestion that if I didn't agree to the spanking not only would my parents be told, but also there would be a chance I wouldn't be offered the job. All-in-all, I didn't want to do anything that would displease my uncle; he held the key to the job, and it was he whom I had to worry about.

I made my mind up to accept his punishment, odd though it was, and when he came back into the living-room I told him so. He looked delighted and said that I had come to the best possible decision. He sat down on the settee and called me over to him. As I got up from the chair and walked over to him I felt really silly, and considered changing my mind. But, telling myself that it would all be over in a few minutes, I decided to go through with it.

He patted his right thigh and I slowly — and rather awkwardly — went over his lap. His hand smoothed down the back of my skirt while he said things like: "That's a good lass," and: "You'll be all the better for this, Jane".

Then I felt the back of my skirt being lifted and laid down on the small of my back. His heavy hand now smoothed over the seat of my knickers, and I was only too pleased that I had put on a full pair instead of the thin, scanty pants that I wore when going out of an evening. What type of underwear I had on, however, mattered for nothing, as the next thing to happen to me was having my knickers taken down. He left them around my knees, then gently touched the bare flesh of my bottom. I tensed and untensed my cheeks, not knowing when it would start. He said: "Right now, young lady", and the spanking started.

It was slow and fairly gentle at first, then, slap by slap it became more rapid and harder until, after about what I guess was about a minute, the smacks were raining down with real strength. I twisted and turned on his lap but they just kept coming. I could actually begin to feel pain, whereas earlier the smacks had just stung a bit.

The spanking continued unabated. His hand must have been coming down from quite a height as I could really feel the force of the blows pressing my body down onto his. I started to emit little screams and squeals and the occasional "Ow!" but Uncle Frank just kept on whacking. The spankings I had suffered before lasted nothing as long as this one was lasting, and I realise that they must have been merely token gestures. This was a fully-fledged spanking — and no mistake.

I have no idea how long it lasted. In the end it became just a blur. Time after time the hand fell onto my bare bum. I wriggled, tried to get my hand in the way, but all this was to no avail. Those of your readers who have seen your video entitled: First Week Of Term (Part One — Ed) will have seen the spanking given to the chubby schoolgirl over the man's knee. The spanking that my Uncle Frank gave me lasted longer than that, I'm sure.

Eventually he stopped, and I just lay there panting and quietly sobbing. He told me to get up and helped me in this difficult act. I pulled up my knickers (a painful exercise in itself!) and smoothed down my skirt. Uncle Frank looked as flustered as I must have looked. He told me to be a good girl in the future, patting the back of my skirt and told me to "cut along home".

As I travelled homewards on the train (standing up, I might add) I took the opportunity of an empty carriage by putting my hands up underneath my skirt. My bum was realy hot, and when I got home, inspecting it in my bedroom mirror, it was still a bright red in colour.

I got the job at my uncle's firm you'll be pleased to learn. You might also be pleased to learn that being eventually offered the post involved another hiding from Uncle Frank, about which I shall write to you in the future if you wish.

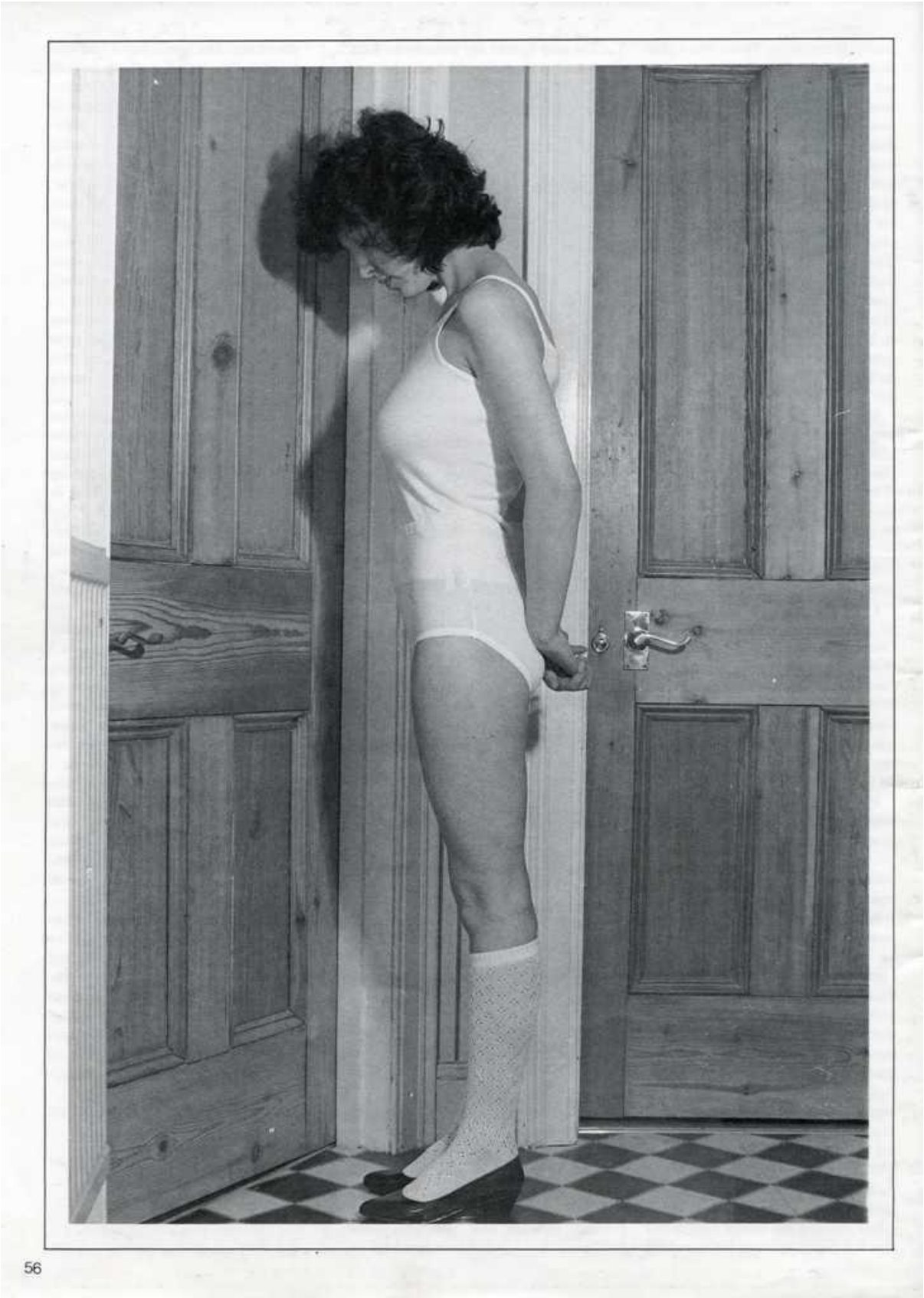
For now, though, let me just say that I hope you publish this letter (without, of course, disclosing my address) and let me wish you all the best for the future with an excellent spanking magazine. Could we perhaps, along with the schoolgirl theme, also have some photos of domestic-type punishment? Anyway, 'bye for now.

'Spanked Jane' (Leicestershire).

SWEDISH MAID'S STRAPPING

Dear Sir,

First I ask you kindly to excuse the bad English. I receive your



ROUÉ VIDEOS

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FOUR O'CLOCK REPORT

Four pretty schoolgirls stand awaiting their respective punishments from the Headmaster. Charlotte is the first to be called in and, over the Head's lap, receives a thorough slippering on her bare bottom. She is then told to leave and in comes Linda, who finds herself in the Head's study on only her first day at the school. Skirt up and knickers down, she is made to bend over a chair for a severe caning that has her begging for mercy. Virginia, guilty of captaining the Hockey Team to yet another defeat, enters the study for punishment. She takes her skirt off, pulls her knickers down and bends over for the cane. Outside, the fourth girl listens to her friend's chastisement as she awaits her own. What a naughty and well punished quartet the girls turn out to be!

AFTERNOON DETENTION

The two girls, Cook and Simpson, arrive in the school hall for yet another detention session with their dreaded teacher. They stand in their gym outfits and are lectured as to their behaviour. Cook is the first to be punished. She is ordered to remove her short skirt and gym knickers and is then hauled across the man's knee for a spanking while her friend looks on in awe. It is then Simpson's turn and, bottom bared, goes over teacher's knee for a stinging session on her boyish rear-end. Both girls then stand wondering what is to follow. They - and we - soon find out as Cook is ordered to bring a stool into the centre of the room and then lays across it for what turns out to be a very painful and cruely protracted beating with the cane. Simpson winces as she witnesses this wicked cane thrash her chum's bottom, miserably aware that her own backside will before long receive similar treatment.

REBEL AT ST ANGELA'S

Jennifer, a slim, blonde schoolgirl, has got herself into a great deal of trouble. She has written a letter to the Board of Goverors telling tales about one of the teachers, a Miss Padgett. In flashback we see the girl over the Headmaster's knee receiving a bare bottomed spanking. We then see naughty Jennifer in the Punishment Room with the redoubtable and very beautiful Miss Padgett,who doesn't believe the girl has had enough in the way of chastisement. She orders her across the desk with her skirt up and knickers down. Then ensues the most thorough caning you are ever likely to see - thrashing that has the girl pleading for mercy as her already sore buttocks undergo several stinging strokes from the sadistic young woman's swishy cane.

TUTOR'S NEW PUPIL

Carol is sent for private tutoring. After walking to her tutor's house in the pouring rain she is wet through and is made to strip off and put her clothes on the radiator to dry. Carol is left standing, very embarassed, in shirt, tie and knickers. The tutor's remedy for pupils who fail at their studies is a sound spanking or caning which poor Carol learns before very long. She is put across the desk and is given a sound spanking throughout which she cries and promises to try harder. Unfortunately for Carol, though, all she does is cry harder. The cane is taken down from its hook and whips mercilessly across her firm young naked buttocks.

FIRST WEEK OF TERM - Part One

The two girls stand in the corridor nervously awaiting the Board of Governors' decision. In turn they are called in and questioned about their misdeeds. Eventually the Head appears at the door. Their fate has been sealed. Standing holding their skirts up out of the way, their thighs are slapped with more than a little enthusiasm. The instigator of the crime is discovered and, with the other girl out of the room, the guilty young miss is put across the Head's lap with her knickers pulled down. The backs of her legs still stinging from the earlier slapping, her plump young bottom now gets its treatment. With tears in her eyes and yelling for all she's worth, the pretty young lady undergoes what in anyone's estimation is a spanking to beat all spankings!

FIRST WEEK OF TERM - Part Two

Just how much can a young girl's bottom take? Following their respective spankings downstairs, Brooks and Ellis find themselves awaiting further chastisement at the hands of the Head in the room upstairs set aside for canings. Brooks is sent to fetch the cane and in her absence the plumpish Ellis is once again put over the Headmaster's knee for another spanking on her poor bare bottom. Brooks returns with cane and the two girls are made to kneel, side by side, on a padded bench and are caned. The less guilty brooks is despatched to the corner and looks on in horror as her accomplice is made to touch her toes for several strokes of the Head's wicked cane. If you thought that Carol Ellis's beautifully rounded rear-end was being severely dealt with downstairs in part one of this story, witness this thrashing in part two!

DORSET COTTAGE

Pretty Cindy has to drop her knickers for several smarting slaps from Mr. Ford. Her bottom blushes beautifully as she is made to adopt various positions for her chastisement. The film then moves on and it is a somewhat irate Mr. Ford who orders Cindy to bare her rear-end in readiness for another hiding. We learn that this further punishment is due to the girl being a little light-fingered; attempting to steal her mentor's wallet. Cindy extracts a clothes brush from a drawer, takes down her knickers, lifts her pretty dress and lays her upper body over a table. Her bottom, gorgeosly framed by stockings and suspenders, then receives a thorough whacking with the wooden-backed clothes-brush. In time her young buttocks are a bright crimson as she sobs her way through her awful ordeal.

AFTER HOURS

Pretty secretary, Jennifer Greenwood, is accused of being an accomplice to her, since dismissed, boss in the embezzlement of company funds. Her new boss gives her the option of dismissal or his own special brand of punishment. Jennifer decides to take the second option, whereupon she is made to parade in front of the lecherous man in her black stockings and suspenders before being put over his knee for a thorough spanking. She is then ordered to bend over the desk and the cane is applied to her bare bottom, her cries and squirmings failing to sway the determined man from his task. He curtails the punishment only when he himself is convinced that her wonderous, crimson bottom has been most efficiently attended to.

CANED AFTER SCHOOL

The attractive schoolgirl receives the ruler on the seat of her tight navy-blue knickers followed by several hard hand-smacks. Then down come those knickers and she is made to fetch the cane and position herself over the desk. The rod whips down onto her naked buttocks several times and then, having been told to remove her knickers completely, the poor miss has to spread her legs further apart and the punishment is resumed. Her bum cheeks wobble and her tears flow as the caning is administered with a breath taking severity. Made to stand in the corner, hands on head and bottom on display, she is left to reflect upon what was an extremely thorough beating.

VIDEO VERITE

A startling, fly-on-the-ceiling film in which we witness a shopkeeper punish his two errant employees. The first girl to enter his pokey back room is made to lay over her boss's knee and with her knickers down, is spanked on her bare bottom. Girl number two - guilty of persistent lateness - is then dealt with in a similar, though more severe, manner. With her black nylon knickers down she receives an over-the-knee spanking and is then made to strip off completely. Naked, she is bent over a chair and her already painful bottom is smacked without mercy. Promising to improve her punctuality in the future she, after a few further stinging slaps, is finally allowed to dress and leave.

ROOM 2D

Angelic looking Lucy Palmer, guilty of dropping some hymn books during Choir Practice, is sent to the feared St Angela's Punishment Room. Mr Harris meets her and explains the purpose of the room and has her take her skirt off. She is then made to bend over the desk to await Mr Clark. Before leaving, Mr Harris takes down Lucy's tight school knickers and a beautifully rounded young bottom is revealed. Mr Clark, a tall, fearful-looking man, enters the room with poor Lucy still laying across the desk, nervously awaiting the impending punishment. She receives several spanks and then the cane is taken down and then the wretched girl undergoes an awe-inspiring thrashing. The tears flow as, stroke by stroke, Lucy takes her beating. She bites her lip and grips the far edge of the desk and we are left in no doubt that Lucy's tears, along with the lashes of that cane, are absolutely genuine.

NURSE'S REMEDY

Nurse Whitworth is in terrible trouble. A letter, addressed to Mr Banks, the Chief Consultant, has been intercepted by the Senior Nurse. The missive, from an ex-patient of the exclusive Nursing Home, criticises the establishment and especially young Nurse Julie Whitworth. Aware that Julie is on a final warning, the Senior Nurse offers the girl the option of punishment at her hands or having the letter passed on to Mr Banks. Reluctantly, Nurse Whitworth agrees to accept the former. She is spanked over the knee, made to kneel for the paddle, bent over a chair in Mr Banks's study for the strap and, all in all, is a thoroughly chastised young lady. Then Mr Banks returns unexpectedly. Irate at what has been going on in his absence, he continues Julie's punishment session by caning her well-marked bare bottom. Mr Banks sends the snivelling girl out of his study and then tells his Senior Nurse that he has some unfinished business with her. How, he wants to know, did a letter that was addressed to him come to be in the possession of his Senior Nurse? He bends the cane and the young girl, who earlier had been administering chastisement, now realises that it is her turn to be on the receiving end.

SCHOOLGIRL NIECES

Jane and Susan have been sent to their Aunt and Uncle's for a few days. The film opens with the girls being given a lecture as to the behaviour expected of them during their stay. Their Aunt leaves them and they undress for bed. Moments later they are caught having a pillow-fight. The feathers fly and so does their irate Aunt's temper. She bends them over the foot of the bed, bares their naughty bottoms and spanks them thoroughly. The next day after misbehaving in the lounge the girls are spanked again and then slippered before being sent to bed in disgrace. The story moves on and Aunty discovers that the terrible two have played truant from school. Made to strip down to their vests and knickers, they are strapped whilst kneeling side by side on the sofa. The instigator is discovered and Susan then has to undergo a quite mind-blowing session with the riding-crop. To think, Susan and Jane were actually looking forward to this visit. By the time their short stay is over they just can't wait to get back home to mum and dad.

UNCLE GEORGE - Part One

Lucy is staying with her Uncle for the weekend. The, apparently, kindly man brings her up a cup of tea, telling her to get up. Lucy, though, allows herself to fall asleep again and, when her Uncle returns some time later, she is ordered to take her pyjama trousers down and is put over the man's knee for a hard, bare bottom spanking. The action then moves to downstairs and the living-room, where poor Lucy is put through a session of physical excercises. Then she is told to bend over the chair and, first with her knickers up then with them taken down, the girl undergoes a sound birching that has her squealing for mercy. The film then takes us back to the bedroom, where Lucy is doing her homework. Uncle George tells her that he is going out but will return in an hour, warning her that if her work isn't up to scratch she will know what to expect. On his return, Lucy's strict Uncle finds that her work is far from satisfactory. Bent over the desk, with her school skirt removed, she is thrashed with a thick, wooden rule on the seat of her tight, white cotton knickers. Spanked, birched and now this! Young Lucy's bottom certainly knows it's been through it by the time part one of this tale is concluded.

UNCLE GEORGE - Part Two

Lucy, her Uncle discovers, has been stripping for extra pocket-money. The irate man decides to administer a caning to the errant young miss. His niece is made to adopt some very unlady-like positions to receive her just desserts. The cane lashes down onto her trembling, bare bottom several times - the girls squeals and squirms to no avail whatsoever. Uncle George thrashes her tender rear with all his might and expertise. When he has finally finished with her she is made to undress before him before being told to go to bed. We see her mount the stairs, ruefully rubbing a thoroughly thrashed pair of schoolgirl buttocks. She gets into bed for a face-down slumber - should her painful bottom permit it!

STOP PRESS!
Coming Soon-New Video

NEW VIDEO PRIVATE TUITION

We here at Roué *are delighted to announce the release of our latest video,* Private Tuition. *Delighted, not only because it is our video team's first effort for some time, but also because we are firmly of the belief that it is our best effort to date. A believable story-line, fine acting and excellent, genuine action makes* Private Tuition *an absolute must for CP video collectors. We feel that the high quality — coupled with the fact that we are offering this video at the comparitively low price of only £35 — will be more than appreciated by* Roué *fans. Below are some stills and a brief scenario of the film which we hope you decide to add to your collection, and which we are certain you will obtain many hours of enjoyment from. The video is in full sound and colour and runs in excess of twenty minutes.*

The film takes place at the home of a Private Tutor. Our story unfolds with the Tutor irritably eyeing his watch; his first pupil of the evening is considerably late. Eventually she arrives. Elizabeth — a young girl of largish proportions — is ushered into the study and lectured as to her tardiness. The flushed girl, however, knows that a stiff talking-to won't be the sum total of her punishment, and before long she finds herself over the Tutor's lap for a spanking. Her knickers come down after a few slaps to the seat of her school pants, and her plump hindquarters come in for a thorough hiding before she is, at least, released, with the instruction to return the following evening for extra tuition.

Enter Julie — a pretty, dark-haired girl who, although on time, has failed to complete the homework set her. In a trice Julie is hauled over the man's knee for her hiding. The tight seat of her school knickers offer her little in the way of protection from the Tutor's stinging palm, and eventually these come down for the continuation of the spanking on Julie's already red bare bottom. Julie, too, is told to return the following evening, and is dismissed.

The two girls — suitably garbed in their school uniforms — arrive at the Tutor's home, and are told to get on with some work while the man has to pop out for a few minutes. The scene before him when he returns is hardly the sombre, studious one he hopes to find. The hi-fi is blaring, the girls are smoking and, well, needless to say our Tutor is far from happy about the situation.

First Elizabeth, then Julie go over his lap for a sound spanking. The man then decides that sterner measures are called for. He fetches his tawse and orders the girls to strip down to their underclothes. Elizabeth acquiesces immediately, but her chum refuses. Julie's rebelliousness, though, only lands her in further trouble, as the order comes for her to strip right off.

With Elizabeth in just vest and knickers and Julie wearing nothing more than her white knee-socks, the plump girl is ordered across the desk. Julie is told to hold her friend's wrists, and the strapping begins in earnest. The girl howls as the leather tawse thrashes her bottom — those knickers having been taken down — and her large bottom turns from pink to bright scarlet.

She is then told to get up and assist in holding her chum down over the table. Julie's naked form quivers as it awaits the first agonising stroke of the tawse. The wretched girl yells throughout her awful ordeal, and her pert bottom-cheeks also take on a scarlet hue.

The punishments over, the Tutor makes both girls stand in the corner, their bare and well-punished bottoms on display. Both Elizabeth and Julie have been thoroughly chastised — and they know it!

number 28 recently and I like it a lot. I wonder if your other readers would like much to read about a event of when I was eighteen years of age, almost four years ago. I hope much that you can publish it in ***Roue*** in the future and I look forward to seeing it with all your other letters from your other readers. I am a tall, fair-haired girl and I live in town near to Copenhagen. I had a boy-friend once who liked spanking games and I got to like them myself. We split up two years ago and I have not met any other men who like spanking and I don't like the cane or whips. I don't mind the strap if it is not very hard. So, to my story. I hope you will find it a good one.

I worked as a maid in a large house in a town in Aalborg in the north. It was long hours and much hard work but I liked it. The pay was good and I saved a lot of money because I lived at the house and I had no rent to pay for an apartment. One day after I had been at the house for seven months I was rude to a guest who touched me when my mistress was out of the room when I was taking in the coffee to them. My mistress told me off and told me to report to her in the study when the guest was gone. I thought I would be dismissed and I was very worried for myself.

When the guest was gone I went to the study. My mistress was not there and I waited for maybe ten minutes. When she came she shut the door and she sat down at her writing-desk. She told me off again and she told me that the guest had been a local shopkeeper who might be buying produce from the small farm that she ran. I said that I was much sorry. I told her what he did to make me angry but she said that I still should not have been rude. I said I was sorry again. She told me that I should be dismissed but she said that I could stay if I took a thrashing from her as for punishment. She told me to have one hour to think of my decision and sent me away. I went to my room and thought about it. I did not want to leave but I did not know how hard the thrashing would be. She was a tall and very big woman and I thought that it would be much hard for me. I decided to take the thrashing and I went to the study to tell her what I had decided. She got up and closed the door and locked it. She told me to bend over the back of a leather chair. When I had obeyed this she lifted the back of my dress up and then she pinned it to the shoulders of the dress. Then she took my panties down to my ankles. She kept me like this for five minutes about. Then she told me I was to get twelve strokes of the strap and she showed me the strap. It is what you call a tawse and it had two tails at one of the ends. I was shocked when I saw it. She walked behind me and started the punishing.

She paused between strokes about a minute. They hurt really bad and I yelled very loud when they hit my bare bottom. After the twelve strokes she unpinned my dress and I was told to pull up my knickers back and I was told to leave and carry on my duties. I never was again rude to the guests. She never thrashed me again. I left the job for a better job and nearer my home town.

I will write to you again some more in the future and I will tell you perhaps about my thrashings at home by my mother and I will tell about my spanking games. Thankyou.

Yutte (Copenhagen)

'HORSING'

Dear Sir,

There is a method of administering corporal punishment that is very rarely talked about. I cannot recall reading about it in ***Roue*** *or any other CP publication for many years. I refer to 'horsing' — where the one to be punished is made to bend over another person's back with his or her hands held by the person over whom they are stretched.*

I wonder if any of your readers have any information of this practice. Maybe you could run an article on it in the future. Perhaps you could have some photos of it with two of your lovely models.

I have in my possession a photo of it being done. A strict looking Headmistress is standing with a cane in her hand, and a boy in his late-teens is 'horsed' over the back of a middle-aged woman.

Does anyone have any experiences of 'horsing'?

David (Gloucester)

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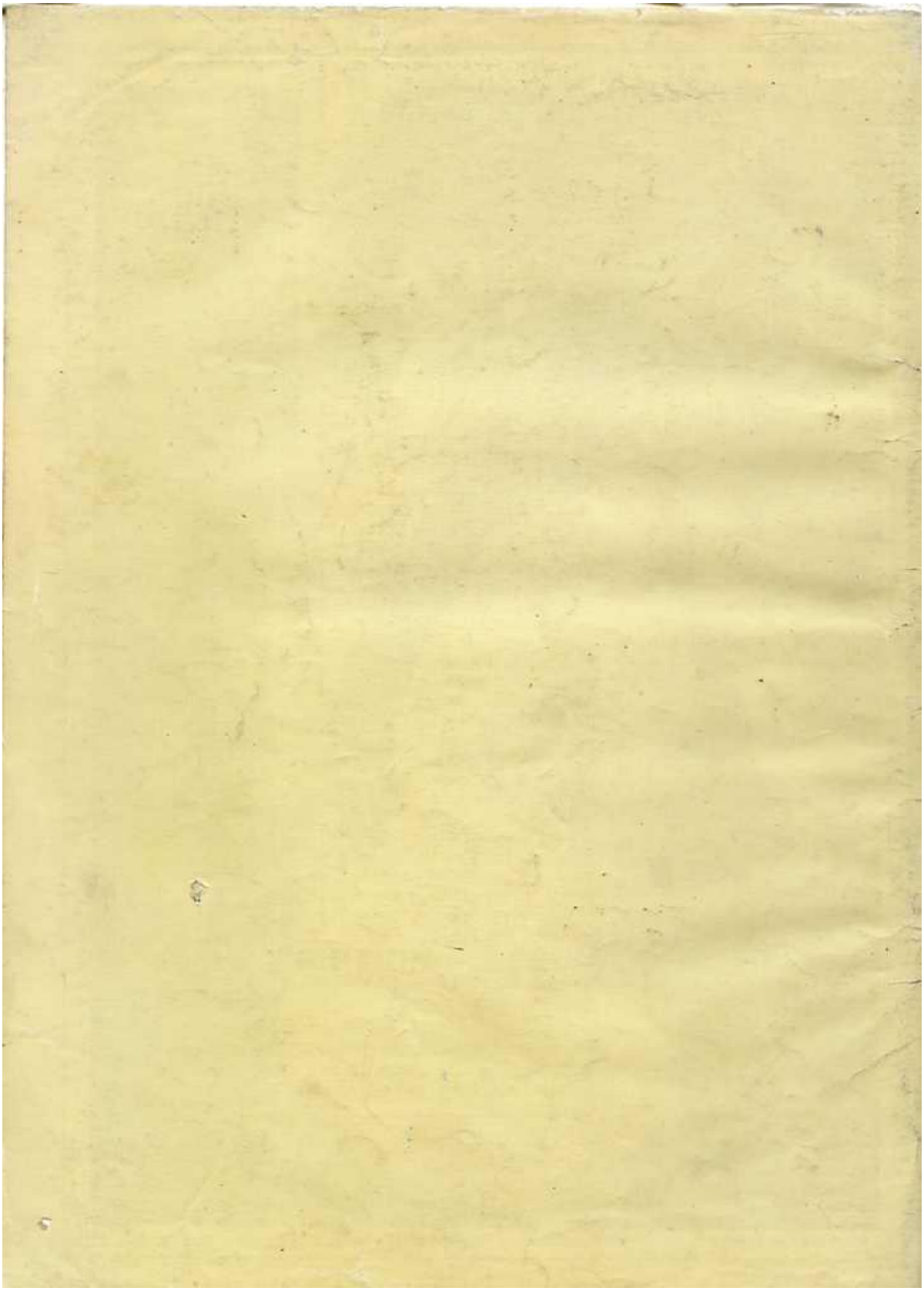
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